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MEMOIRS OF ZI PRE'

BY

EDMUND M. DUNNE, D.D.

BISHOP OF PEORIA

ST. LOUIS, MO., 1914

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FOREWORD

The present booklet treats of a few doctrinal points unavoidably omitted in a former tract bearing the title of "Polemic Chat." When these Memoirs began to appear serially in the Peoria Cathedral Calendar, a friendly critic remarked: "The Bishop is utilizing his parochial experiences among the Italians 'to point a moral and adorn a tale.'" Precisely. Our chief aim in the present chronology of events is to instruct the people, "to preach the word in season and out of season, reproving, entreating, rebuking in all patience and doctrine."

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Several anachronisms as well as changes in the names and occupations of the characters have been purposely introduced, so that the ingenuity of even a Sherlock Holmes might be baffled should he attempt to identify them with certain individuals of the Italian colony.

Some may deem Pasqualino too clever for his tender age. *Unusquisque abundat sensu suo.* Please consider, friendly or hostile reader, as the case may be, that our youthful polemist had completed three years of classics with unusual success before encountering his adversary. The

children of sunny Italy develop much earlier than those of northern climes. Youthful prodigies bud forth occasionally in the realm of literature, poetry, painting, music and mathematics. Why should they not blossom also in the field of polemics? Besides, were Pasqualino a youth of mediocre talent, his utterances would not be worth recording. At any rate it is upon them and not upon his personality that we wish to focus your attention.

Pasqualino's father represents indeed no particular individual, but rather the composite embodiment of reprehensible traits which Zi Pre' had ample occasion to reprove among the male members of his flock. The exemplary Christian virtues of the mother have not been overdrawn. The most elaborate portrayal of maternal solicitude and self-sacrifice falls, as a general rule, immeasurably below the reality.

The tactics of Evangelical zealots to wrest Italian children from the One True Fold, are melancholy facts familiar to the hundred or more Sunday School teachers of Guardian Angel Mission. The conversion of the proselytizer, his subsequent public reparation and edifying death are true in every detail.

THE AUTHOR.

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MEMOIRS OF ZI PRE'[1]

CHAPTER I

ITALIAN QUARTER

ON the south side of Forquer Street, Chicago, and nearly midway between Desplaines and Halsted, there stands an unpretentious brick structure with a Romanesque façade surmounted by a Roman cross. It is the Chiesa dell'Angelo Custode. The mellow tints of sea and sky in the decoration of the interior from vestibule to sanctuary are unmistakably Italian. The stained-glass windows of St. Michael, St. Raphael, and of the Guardian Angel, carry the thoughts of the onlooker back to the basilicas of Rome and Florence and cause him to murmur the names of Italian masters. The statues of San Vito, Rocco, Lucia, and Sebastiano, recall vividly to mind those Christian martyrs especially dear to the Italian heart, while Raphael's Madonna della Sedia tenderly clasping her Di-

[1] Zi Pre' is an abbreviation of Zio Preute meaning "Uncle Priest," a familiar title given the clergy in Southern Italy.

vine Bambino seems to look down with maternal solicitude upon the congregation gathered in reverential attitude to assist at Holy Mass and hear the word of God in their native tongue.

The sacred edifice and its humble surroundings are redolent of Italy. Forquer Street is an insignificant, narrow thoroughfare jutting east from Canal, making a slight jog at Halsted, and terminating west in Blue Island Avenue. It might easily pass for any one of the crooked lanes in lower Naples. In fact, when the visitor hears the itinerant peddlers shouting: *"Ecco donne, le patate! i cavoli! le cipolle!"* it requires quite a mental effort to realize that he is in the heart of Chicago and not upon an Italian border of the Mediterranean. Guardian Angel Parish comprises emigrants from nearly every province of the Italian peninsula as well as from Sicily. The representation from Modena, Milan, Piedmont, and Genoa is rather small; but the natives from Naples, Salerno, Bari, Basilicata, Abruzzi, Calabria, Catanzaro, le Marche, Lucca, Messina, and Palermo, are as plentiful as the English sparrow. A parish averaging annually over a thousand baptisms cannot be even remotely suspected of race suicide. The Northern Italians are generally well educated, while their brothers of the South are quite illiterate. For fully one-half of the latter the confessor is obliged to re-

cite the *Atto di dolore* and have them repeat it after him. Yet even these are not so ignorant of religious truth as might be inferred from their inability to recite a set formula of prayer. One individual who could not decipher his name in letters two feet long on a sign board was told that he could not communicate on a certain morning. The priest did not wish to delay the Mass by hearing his confession.

"E perchè non si può communicare?" he demanded.

"Perchè non ci sono particole in numero sufficiente," replied the priest.

"Potete frangerle," persisted the poor fellow. Needless to say his confession was heard.

The Southern Italians compensate in their working knowledge of the Ten Commandments for what they lack in secular education. They are honest, industrious, and temperate, pure in their domestic lives and law-abiding in their civic relations. Some of them are generous even beyond their means and imbued with a deep sense of gratitude. The Socialists among them are few but ferocious. At heart they are really anarchists. It is characteristic of the Latin races that they are never content with half-way measures. The Southern Italians have a keen sense of right and wrong. They are scrupulously faithful in keeping their word.

Abortion, the limitation of the size of families by unlawful practices, deliberate murder for lust or gain, are crimes practically unknown among them. Black Hand tactics were unheard of among the inhabitants of the West Side colony until that travesty on justice in Omaha where the kidnapper was acquitted. His success has apparently encouraged blackmailers of all nationalities throughout the country.

The idea prevailing among not a few Americans that the chief occupation of Italians consists in pushing a banana cart, selling peanuts, or grinding an organ with monkey obbligato, is libelous. The street musicians hail with few exceptions from Senerchia, and seldom mix with the rest of the Italian colony. Occasionally the Italians may get excited over a game of *morra*[2] or *boccia*,[3] but it is rarely serious. The vast majority of the men are manual laborers. They are engaged in excavating, grading, mining, or sweeping the streets. The women make children's clothes which are sold in the department stores. The boys sell newspapers or polish shoes. The latter have Italianized their occupa-

[2] *Morra* is a popular game in which the contestants usually gamble for the drinks by guessing the number of fingers the opponent throws out.

[3] *Boccia* is a pastime in which the players roll wooden balls along the ground and the one bowling nearest to a given ball is declared victor.

tion and style themselves *shinatori.* Very few of the men are fond of whiskey. Many of the railroad laborers return in the Fall to the city where they spend the winter in enforced idleness. Some of them pass this period in drinking, carousing, and slashing one another, which of course benefits neither soul nor body. Many a family produces its own wine. This was impressed upon the pastor's memory in a rather unforgettable way. He had been preparing a young Italian couple for First Holy Communion. The parents of the bride kept a fruit store near the church. One evening while strolling by their door the priest dropped in to pay them a visit. The family happened to be quietly celebrating a birthday of one of the members. All arose in deference to "Zi Pre'" or Uncle Priest, as he is familiarly called by Southern Italians. The mother hastened to procure him a glass of the wine they were drinking, and assured him that it was very pure because home-made. As the priest was unfamiliar with the wine-making process, the good woman sought to enlighten him on the subject, and remarked incidentally: "Abbiam fatto chisto vino dalle uve che non si potevan vendere, perchè comminciavano già a guastare. Ecco!" It was the first and last time "Zi Pre'" irrigated his thorax with home-made wine.

It has often been observed that at High Mass the congregation is composed mostly of men, whilst at the early Masses the women are in the majority. Undoubtedly more men than women emigrate from Italy to America. Most of the mothers cannot go to High Mass, because they must attend to domestic duties, look after the small children, prepare the dinner, etc.

Italian bishops and priests should try to dissuade husbands from emigrating unless accompanied by their wives. Whilst in some instances "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and remittances are kept up regularly for a certain period, with an alarming number it becomes a case of "out of sight out of mind." The division of the family usually proves disastrous. Everything here in America seems to conspire against the Italian immigrant so as to render him oblivious of both God and family. Ignorant of the language of the country, he is handicapped from the very moment of his arrival.

Poverty, poor crops, and excessive taxation drives him here, like the Irish, German, and Slav, to better his condition. The others came with their clergy; the Italian did not. Anxious to secure employment, he easily falls a prey to the schemers of his own nationality. They batten upon his ignorance and inexperience. Once a poor fellow came to "Zi Pre'" for a letter of

recommendation to the Mayor in order that he might obtain work in cleaning the streets. "I don't want to ask so-and-so, a saloonkeeper and ward heeler," he said, "because if he gets me the job, I shall have to pay him so much a month. Failing to do so, he will have me 'fired' in order that some other unfortunate may be fleeced." Work is promised him perhaps with a section gang, but on condition that he pay the labor agent five or ten dollars for the privilege. It is aggravating to hear flippant individuals speak of "the lazy, shiftless Italian." His first and consuming desire is to get work not only for himself, but also for every member of his family able to become a wage-earner. Many of the Italian children are remarkably bright, and if only allowed to pursue their studies might become prominent in professional, commercial, and political life. Nobody will question the necessity of a child labor law. Those enforcing it, however, should be endowed with discretionary power. The Illinois statute regarding child labor has apparently done more harm than good in its application. The requirements, calculated to prevent all possible deception, closely resemble the measurements employed in the Bertillon system. One might infer that the factory inspector was dealing with criminals rather than with the offspring of honest parents. The only

thing lacking in the demands is that of a wax impression of the applicant's hands and feet. To state the age and sex of the child may pass, but when it comes to defining the color of his complexion and hair, his weight, stature, and other peculiarities of his body, the requirements of the labor certificate border on the impertinent as well as ridiculous. To be thoroughly appreciated, this law, fathered and promoted by the much-advertised social uplifters, must be seen in action. A poor Italian widow, the mother of four children, came to the rectory one day seeking a labor certificate for her oldest boy of sixteen, so that he might continue unmolested at his work. He was the sole support of the family. His employer told him he would have to quit unless he obtained an affidavit from the Board of Education. We repaired to the Juvenile Court thinking to obtain there the necessary permit. The judge's heart went out in sympathy to the unfortunate mother, but he was powerless to act. He could only give an affidavit as to the boy's age. That alone would not suffice. The boy should furthermore have an affidavit from the Board of Education, which positively refused to issue a certificate to any child unable to read and write the English language! This the youth could not do, as he was only a few months in the country. What relief

then was in sight for this unfortunate family? None. The mother could be sent to the poor-house, the younger brothers and sisters might be placed in orphanages. The oldest boy was too big for the orphan asylum. Nothing was left for him but to beg or steal. He should not dare to earn his living by the sweat of his brow because that was illegal! When a law forbids work to those who are eager to work and forces them into pauperism, "white slavery," or other disreputable methods of gaining a livelihood, the sooner it is repealed or radically amended, the better for all concerned.

Near the church lived an old man who had become violently insane. One morning he tried to slit his niece's throat with a potato knife. She ran across the street to the rectory for protection. A half hour later the affrighted niece and her demented kinsman in the custody of two policemen were conveyed in a patrol wagon to the detention hospital, while the priest proceeded thither in a street car. The occupants of the patrol wagon breathed a sigh of relief upon reaching their destination, for their trip was far from being a "joy ride." All the way the unfortunate man had kept up a rambling denunciation of everybody in general and of "Zi Pre'" in particular, whom he designated as the prince of devils. After the maniac's commitment, the

judge, having another Italian case on the docket, requested the priest to remain and act as interpreter. A clean-shaven, intelligent-looking man of about thirty, and dressed as a waiter, had been arrested in the loop district for having expectorated in a lady's face! The prosecutor maintained that the waiter was a dangerous paranoiac who imagined that all women were trying to ensnare him. This he vigorously denied when questioned by the priest. "It is only that painted street-walker," he exclaimed; "she has visited the restaurant repeatedly. Yesterday she kept dogging me with her importunities in a crowded thoroughfare, and to show my disgust I tried to spit in her face. Unfortunately I missed her and struck someone else. The officer allowed her to escape and arrested me."

"Are you a Catholic?" asked the priest.

"Yes," he replied, at the same time producing a rosary from his vest pocket. His answers to the queries convinced the judge of his sanity and he was released. He fared much better than another Italian who spent eleven months in a federal prison for supposed complicity with a gang of counterfeiters. He might yet be languishing in jail, had not his pastor in the old country become interested in his case. The granting of a bonus for every conviction is not

always free from the danger of flagrant injustice.

Shortly before the completion of Guardian Angel Church the priest was summoned to attend a poor Italian named Giuseppe Lio, who was shot down in cold blood by a murderous policeman. Some teachers of the Polk Street School had complained of the side-walk being obstructed by Italians. Giuseppe was seated with a couple of companions on a garbage box in front of his boarding-house. The policeman ordered them to move on. Giuseppe pointed to the lodging-house and tried to explain that he lived there, and then the shooting followed. Immediately after, this uniformed assassin was seen by several witnesses to enter a hallway and close the door. A few minutes later he emerged with his coat all slashed, evidently for the purpose of creating the impression that his unfortunate victim had assaulted him with a stiletto! Giuseppe carried no weapon of any kind. Nothing was done to this guardian of the peace. He was simply transferred to another precinct. Such injustices could be easily avoided or at least greatly diminished in number by appointing more Italians on the police force. At the time of the above-mentioned occurrence there were but two Italian policemen in the City of Chicago with an Italian population of about sixty thousand!

Many Italians are prevented from joining the force because unable to pass the physical examination. Surely something more than girth and stature is required in an efficient policeman. What some of the Italian aspirants to the force lack in physical measurements may be counterbalanced by intelligence and courage. Petrosino, the New York detective, who was assassinated a few years ago in Sicily, was in the front rank of his profession.

CHAPTER II

ITALIAN CUSTOMS

THE peculiar custom of having both a civil and religious marriage ceremony in Italy causes many bridal couples to fall easy victims to the wiles of justice-shop solicitors who prey upon their credulity and their supposition that the marriage laws of this country and Italy are practically the same. Are the justices of the peace in collusion with these individuals? Are the latter paid a commission for deceiving Italian immigrants? We are inclined to think so. Why should they drum up trade for a justice of the peace unless there be some remuneration in sight? Some of the "runners" speak Italian and have very persuasive methods. It is among the Italians that they reap the most abundant harvest. "Wouldn't you like to be married according to the laws of the state the same as in Italy?" they ask of the prospective bridegroom and bride. "It only costs $3.50, and for an extra half-dollar you will receive a beautiful marriage certificate with a picture of the Bible

and the matrimonial bark drawn by two immaculate swans. This you can frame and hang up for an ornament over the domestic hearth." *Che bellezza!* Many Italian couples, like unsuspecting geese, are thus deluded. Even were they aware that the civil ceremony is not required in this country, it does not take much to persuade them that returning to Italy with a certificate only from the priest, the Italian government will not recognize their marriage as valid. The imposition usually succeeds with the relatives of the bride, and they insist upon the performance of the civil ceremony before a judge. When upbraided for their folly by the priest, they reply that they were simply following the Italian custom. He tells them that, being now in America, they should follow American and not Italian customs. In Italy no marriage is considered legal unless a formal ceremony be performed by a state official. In America the state grants the same authority regarding the marriage ceremony to priests, judges, and justices. Bridegroom and bride require only a marriage license from the County Clerk, who exacts a nominal fee for his trouble. They should bring this document to the parish priest who is authorized both by Church and State to marry them. Within thirty days after the ceremony he is obliged in Illinois under penalty of a hun-

dred dollars' fine to fill out the license and return it to the County Clerk for record. If the Italian peasants could only be induced to follow this counsel, they would save themselves a great amount of annoyance, expense, and ridicule, and, above all, they would avoid the commission of a sacrilege.

In spite of the blunders occasionally made anent civil marriage, the Southern Italians cling tenaciously to many of the old-country customs which emigrants of other nationalities might do well to imitate. Chief among these customs is the good old-fashioned practice of chaperoning their daughters. Seldom do you hear of an Italian girl going astray. Italian maidens are never permitted to attend evening entertainments, balls, or receptions, unless accompanied by their parents. When the daughters reach the age of seventeen or eighteen, it is difficult to keep them under restraint. The parents prefer then that they marry, and be under a husband's care and protection.

The misinterpretation of Italian names is something awful, and largely due to the negligence of American school-teachers, who seem to be totally indifferent whether or not they grasp correctly the names of their pupils. Vincenzo, Vincent, a young Italian boy, assured me that his name was Jimmie. Assunta or Assumption, the

name of an Italian girl, was erroneously rendered Susie. In the Sunday-school Lucy was falsely given for Leontina; Charlie for Egidio, Tom for Domenico; Gus for Costantino; and Mike for Pasquale! The pastor once encountered the keeper of an ice-cream parlor who presented his card with the inscription: *Sullivan N—*. "What is your baptismal name in Italian?" asked the priest. "Salvatore," replied the man. It took a long argument to convince this usurper of the Hibernian title that the English equivalent of Salvatore was not Sullivan, but Salvator or Saviour. Italian children are usually named after the feast day on which they are born. Hence when you hear them called Natale, Pasquale, Annunziata, Assunta, or Concetta, you may safely presume that their birthdays fell respectively on the feast of Christmas, Easter, Annunciation, Assumption, or the Immaculate Conception.

It is not unusual to see infants wearing earrings and bedecked with jewelry when brought to the church for baptism. Like the rabbit's foot with the "darkey," the ornamentation of a Neapolitan bambino would be incomplete without a charm of coral to protect it against the malign influence of the *jattatura,* or evil eye.

The Southern Italian is passionately fond of music and pyrotechnics. Within its boundaries,

Guardian Angel parish can boast of at least forty incorporated benevolent societies named after various titles of the Madonna or after some saint held in special veneration by the members.

A lamentable feature of the societies is that most of them hold their meetings Sunday morning. Every society celebrates annually the feast day of its patron with a Solemn High Mass and a panegyric. The latter to be effective must invariably conclude with a fervent prayer invoking the protection of the heavenly patron upon all the members of the society from every imaginable evil, temporal as well as spiritual. "Zi Pre'" fancied that upon one occasion he had delivered a very masterful discourse on the Blessed Virgin; to be precise, it was the feast of the Madonna di Monte Viggiano. He was, however, speedily disillusioned by the caustic criticism made by a poor woman upon leaving church at the end of the Mass. "Cosa ve ne pare?" she was asked in regard to the sermon. "Nemanco una preghiera," she replied. "Not even a prayer!"

The church function is preceded by a parade with a brass band and fireworks. The hiring of a brass band is an indispensable feature of every society. We recall the case of a laboring man who retained membership in five organizations. He had five brass bands at his funeral. The

cost of those five bands of music might have paid the house rent for his widow for at least a year. The brass-band habit will of course eventually die out as the people grow more enlightened. A still more lamentable feature of these societies is the fact that they are occasionally controlled by the very worst element in the Italian colony. We remember one organization bearing the name of a saint, and having for president an adulterous saloon-keeper who abandoned his wife and children in the old country, and raised a second family in America. A Sicilian society, the largest of its kind in Chicago, had for its leader a most notorious scamp who spent two years in jail for counterfeiting. The amazing part of it all is that even when such characters are imprisoned, no matter what their felony may have been, they do not forfeit their membership in the society. It is high time that these poor people be taught more self-respect, and not allow themselves to be guided by such miscreants.

CHAPTER III

THE PROSELYTIZERS

THE sects which infest the Italian district strain every nerve to wrest Italian immigrants and their children from the Church. The men are decoyed into the sectarian dens of these human spiders under the pretext of being taught the English language. The little girls are enticed by various trinkets and the prospect of learning how to sew. As a sedative to the unsuspecting a very Catholic-looking cross is placed over the entrance of the establishment, whilst upon the interior walls may be seen pictures of our Lord, the Madonna, and of those saints most popular among the Italians. Needless to say, these pious images are not intended for the veneration of the faithful, but for the purpose of deception. Such underhanded methods of proselytizing are most reprehensible. Instead of elevating, they degrade. They furnish a powerful incentive to dishonesty. Is it not a greater crime to bribe a man to change his religious convictions with the alluring bait of

material gain, raiment, house-rent, or employment, than to purchase his vote with a few dollars in time of election? The best plan for these misguided soul-chasers is to expend their energy upon themselves and leave the poor Italians to the maternal care of the Catholic Church to which they belong. For twenty centuries her bishops and priests have been conducting the work of civilization among all the nations of the globe. One of the great problems confronting us at the present day is how we are to amalgamate that immense tide of immigration daily pouring in upon our shores from Southern Europe, Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Slovaks, and Slovenes, Croatians, Hungarians, Lithuanians, and Ruthenians. Here they annually flock in thousands, totally unfamiliar with our language, laws, and customs. They furnish the brawn and muscle of our industrial centres. They have supplanted the Irish in our factories, mines, and workshops. The latter are superintending the factories, running the railroads, and the country generally. They have invaded the professions and are devoting their attention to law and medicine, police and politics. The Catholic Church alone, whose faith is not circumscribed by national boundaries, can fully realize the motto of our glorious country—"E pluribus unum," one composed of many. She is

the best qualified to weld into one democratic brotherhood, one great American citizenship the children of various climes, temperaments, and conditions. In every diocese throughout the length and breadth of the United States these poor foreigners have coöperated most generously with their clergy in the erection of churches and schools where both young and old are taught to revere the laws of God as well as those of their adopted country.

Scarcely a year after his arrival in Chicago Archbishop Quigley opened at least a dozen churches exclusively for the Italians, to say nothing of the many he caused to be erected for other nationalities. To neutralize the pernicious effects of proselytizing zealots among the West-Side Italians, provision was made not only for the young in the way of a Sunday-school, sodalities, and sewing-circles, but also for the adults by means of a night school. The self-sacrificing zeal of the hundred-and-twenty Catholic young men and women coming weekly from every part of the city and even suburbs in order to teach catechism to the Italian children will furnish a lengthy chapter to the history of the wonderful growth and development of Guardian Angel Mission. Great credit is due the Catholic public-school teachers who conducted a night school in the basement of the rectory during the winter

months. It had an average attendance of about two hundred Italian workmen. They came with the sole desire of learning and were dreadfully in earnest. Hence the order and discipline of the school were excellent. One young fellow with an abnormal thirst for knowledge wanted to learn reading, writing, and bookkeeping inside of a week, so that he might obtain promotion at his place of work. He was a teamster on South Water St. for one of the commission houses.

The basement of the rectory having become altogether inadequate to the rapidly increasing needs of the night school, the classes were transferred to the Dante Public School located diagonally across from the Guardian Angel Church. This change deeply affected the editor of the *Tribuna Transatlantica* who availed himself of every opportunity to arouse prejudice against the pastor and his work among the Italian people. We submit a literal translation of one offensive paragraph which subsequently appeared on the editorial page of his wretched newspaper.

EVENING SCHOOLS AND IRISH PRIESTLY ACTIVITY

Last Monday night fully 500 Italian men attended the opening of the Dante Night School for the classes of English. For this we are indebted to the Very Rev. Irish priest, Father

Dunne who, rendered furious by the prosperous Evangelical missions and schools of the energetic Marquis Petacci in Ewing, Forquer, and W. Taylor streets, and other institutions frequented by Italians, has been able to obtain the Dante School for this purpose through his influence.

We implore our compatriots to continue frequenting the night school, so that Fr. Dunne may have no reason to complain of them. Thus they won't be obliged to go to hell, from which place this priest wants to save them at all cost. What bothers him indeed more than hell and incites him to labor among our countrymen is the threatened loss of fruitful customers.

In fact about a dozen new churches have been recently established in Chicago for the Italians, and entrusted to Italian priests who must pay for the cost of their construction by cruelly milking their compatriots, while the holy shops themselves (botteghe) remain the property of the Archbishop who has the largest real estate office in the city.

The poor Italian priests are passing worried days and sleepless nights in devising ways and means to pay the Archbishop for the churches. Some of them have grown old and prematurely gray.

Of course we lost no time in coming back at our journalistic friend to whom the Italian gamins applied the familiar sobriquet of "Don Salsiccia" which, being interpreted, means: Mr. Sausage. Here is what we said—

MORE YELPS FROM DON SALSICCIA

Povero Don Salsiccia! His case is really pathetic. Having carefully diagnosed the symptoms as they appeared in last week's issue of the *Tribuna,* and even though he frothed profusely at the mouth, we are firmly convinced that it was not hydro-, but clericphobia that induced him to bark as usual up the wrong tree. Anyone at all familiar with the scanty income derived from the average Italian parish must be amused at his mendacious insinuation that we are laboring among his compatriots for the sake of filthy lucre. Comparing the house of God to a shop is truly characteristic of this unscrupulous scribe, and sacrilegious like the most of his journalistic utterances. "Cruelly milking his compatriots" is redolent of the cow stable, and candidly this is the first time we ever saw such a lacteal term used in any language, except in reference to quadrupeds. To borrow his barnyard metaphor, let me assure him, from seven years' personal experience among his patriotic countrymen, that it has been indeed dry

milking! Had not generous outsiders like the Bremners, Ambergs, and a host of others come to our assistance financially, the church, we fear, would never have been erected.

It will be quite a shock for his sensitive nature to learn that the Archbishop does not own a single foot of real estate in the city of Chicago. Diocesan property is vested in the title, not of an individual archbishop, but of a corporation sole, legally known as "The Catholic Bishop of Chicago." Personally His Grace the Archbishop holds the same relation to church property as the executor to an estate which he is appointed to administer, and he must render a strict account of his stewardship when he makes his ad limina visit to Rome. He is therefore not really the owner, but the custodian. He simply holds the property in trust.

The Italian priests must naturally meet their semi-annual interest, and are expected to pay off eventually mortgage loans to the companies from which they have borrowed money to complete their churches. And why not? Is there any plausible reason why they should be excepted any more than pastors of other nationalities? The *Tribuna's* editor apparently fails to understand that the churches in America are not subsidized by the Government, as in Catholic countries, but for their erection and maintenance

must depend upon the generosity of the faithful, — a virtue, needless to say, practically unknown to him and his tribe.

Some years ago a Catholic social club was established in the West-Side Italian district by a few of the philanthropic members of the Sunday-school Association. It is a signal blessing not only for the inhabitants, but also for those engaged in its management. The young Italians are furnished with reading and billiard rooms, dramatic entertainments, and other innocent recreations. Thus they are kept away from kindred attractions conducted by our separated brethren, and at least one danger of perversion is removed.

The occasional bringing together of Catholic young men and women in the exercise of spiritual and corporal works of mercy is an excellent idea, deserving of universal adoption. It tends to diminish one of the greatest evils menacing the Church in America, the number of mixed marriages. How many prominent Catholic families of Chicago owe their origin to the acquaintances and courtships occasioned by the social entertainments of the good old Union Catholic Library Association? Those forming the cream of Catholic society to-day were at one time members of that worthy organization. The success of Catholic social work needs the unstinted co-

operation of clergy as well as laity. The homely German rhyme, "Die Gheistlichen rathen und die Laien thaten,"[1] should be the inspiring motive of such enterprises. The priest after all is the good shepherd who must take a special interest in the spiritual and corporal welfare of his flock. All plans for the moral and social uplift of his parish must be submitted to him for careful investigation and approval before put into execution. He must see to it that all entertainments given be of a refined and elevating character. Since the Catholic social settlement movement is professedly an auxiliary of the Church, special attention should be given to the moral character of the workers. Only those remarkable for their piety, exemplary speech and conduct should be selected; otherwise their influence in the neighborhood will prove a curse instead of a blessing.

[1] The clergy advise and the laity execute.

CHAPTER IV

PASQUALINO

PASQUALINO AMADEO was born on Easter Sunday in the congested district of the West Side Italian colony. The Amadeos were people of considerable means and stood high in the community. The father had the commercial instinct abnormally developed. Scarcely a branch of industry might be mentioned in which he did not dabble. He conducted a small bank well patronized by his Calabrian paesani, dealt in real estate, had the agency of several steamship lines, and ran an employment bureau for the railroads. In addition to this he sold razors, revolvers, jewelry, musical instruments, prayer-books, suspiciously titled romances, and home-made wine. From the conglomeration of heterogeneous articles displayed in the windows, it seemed scarcely possible for any visitor to enter his establishment and escape without making a purchase, even were it only a postage stamp. He had most of his religion vested in his wife, who came quite regularly to

Mass. He had very little time for religious duties on account of his business. Besides, he held the office of secretary in several societies that always managed to rival the Church by conducting their meetings Sunday morning. When the priest implored the officials of these organizations to cease placing an obstacle to the people in the fulfilment of hearing Mass and change their meeting hour to the afternoon, they replied, it was impossible to change the meeting-hour. No business could be transacted then, as most of the members got drunk in the afternoon! With Amadeo it was a case of choosing between the Church and the lodge, Jesus Christ and Barabbas, and he never hesitated long in making his selection. Still, be it said to his credit that he always managed to hear Mass twice a year — on Palm Sunday and on the feast of San Rocco whose name he bore and for whom he professed great devotion.

Nearly a month elapsed before the baptism of the child. The delay was occasioned by a squabble over the selection of the godparents. The mother wanted her brother, Giovanni Buonanima and his wife to stand for the child; but Amadeo was strongly in favor of a worthless character named Capostorto and his consort.

"Zi Pre' will never permit that loafer to act as sponsor," said the mother. "Only a few

Sundays ago he spoke very emphatically about the care we should take in choosing persons for such an important office. 'Sponsors both in baptism and confirmation,' he said, 'contract a spiritual affinity or relationship not only with their godchild, but also with its parents. From that affinity arises a canonical impediment to marriage—'"

"Oh caspeta!" roared Amadeo, "do you think that Capostorto would ever want to marry you in case I died?"

"I should say not, for it would not do him any good if he did," indignantly retorted Mrs. Amadeo. "Capostorto has already one wife whom he abandoned in the old country. I am simply telling you what the priest said. 'Sponsors,' he declared, 'promise in the name of the child what the child would promise if it had the use of reason. They assume the obligation of instructing their godchild in its religious duties if the parents neglect to do so or die.' Hence neither infidels, nor heretics, nor public sinners, nor those ignorant of the rudiments of faith can be admitted. What an edifying godfather Capostorto, member of the Giordano Bruno Club, would make! No, he shall never stand for a child of mine, even were the priest to allow him. Besides, I'll not have this criminal negligence on my conscience any longer. To defer baptism

for more than a week after the birth of the child, without grave reason, is universally regarded as a mortal sin."

Amadeo was forced to capitulate. He acquiesced in the selection of Buonanima as sponsor, and the following Sunday accompanied the christening party to the church. As they entered the sacred edifice their ears were greeted by a rather inharmonious concert issuing from the lungs of a score of Adam's unhappy descendants impatiently waiting to be cleansed from the original stain. Amadeo pompously approached the priest and asked if his child could be baptized immediately, for he was in a great hurry, as people were waiting for him at home. The priest gently relieved him of the smouldering cigar he held in his hand and threw it out of the window.

"Take off your hat and stay a while, Signor Amadeo," he said smilingly. "It isn't often that we are honored with a visit from you in the church. You must have patience. You cannot be in a greater hurry than the rest of these people." The priest then busied himself questioning the sponsors as to the names and domiciles of the children, and whether any of them had already been baptized privately at home.

"What is this child to be called?" he asked of a godmother holding a sturdy infant whose ponderous head seemed indicative of a future

candidate for the mayor's office, or at least for a seat in the city council.

"His parents want to call him Fiorino, or Little Flower," meekly replied the sponsor.

"Not if I can help it," commented the priest. "The Roman Ritual directs us to see that obscene, fabulous, and ridiculous names, or those of heathen gods or of infidel men be not imposed. Let him take the name of a saint whose example and patronage may benefit him in after life."

"Where do the parents of this baby reside?" he asked of another sponsor.

"They leev ona Clarka street," spoke up the father.

"Well, then, you don't belong here," replied Zi Pre'. "Take him over to Padre Riccardo of the Incoronata. He is an excellent priest and needs all the support he can get. We are forbidden to baptize children not belonging to our parish, unless they be in danger of death. From all appearances this youngster is destined to become a nonagenarian." The priest then proceeded to give a brief explanation of the sacrament he was about to administer.

"Baptism," he said, "is a sacrament which cleanses us from original sin, makes us Christians, children of God, and heirs to the kingdom of heaven. Being first among the seven sacra-

ments, it is the door through which all must pass in order to enter eternal life. 'Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' (John iii, 5.)

"Since baptism is absolutely necessary for salvation, the reception of it has been rendered most easy. While the pastor or any other priest delegated by him or the bishop is the lawful minister of this sacrament, in case of necessity, i. e., if the infant or adult be in danger of death, anyone having the use of reason, lay or cleric, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or infidel, or even atheist may validly baptize, provided he observe the form of baptism and has really the intention of doing what the Church does.

"Whoever baptizes must pour water on the head of the person to be baptized, and say, while pouring it, '*I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*' If a child has been baptized privately, this fact should be revealed to the priest when the child is brought to the church for the rest of the ceremonies. In case of doubt as to the validity of baptism, which often occurs when privately administered by a lay person and when converts are about to be admitted into the Church, baptism is administered conditionally. Like Confirmation and Holy Orders, Baptism can be received only

once, because each of these sacraments imprints upon the soul a spiritual seal that remains forever. There are three kinds of baptism: Baptism by water, already described; baptism of desire, which is an ardent wish to receive baptism and to do all that God has ordained for our salvation; baptism of blood, which is martyrdom, or the shedding of one's blood for the faith of Christ. In order to receive baptism worthily, persons of an age to learn must know and believe the chief mysteries of Christian faith, and be sorry for their sins. Evidently no disposition is required in infants to receive this sacrament. Without their knowledge or co-operation they contracted original sin, and in a similar manner they are cleansed from its stain. Just as they are born and may inherit property without their knowledge or consent, so through baptism they become God's adopted children and heirs to His heavenly kingdom without any of the dispositions required in adults. We never baptize the children of Jews or infidels against the will of their parents, since that would be a violation of parental rights. We would, however, be justified, and even obliged in charity to baptize their children, if they were in proximate danger of death. In the solemn administration of baptism we employ a great many prayers and ceremonies which are omitted in private baptism.

"What dost thou ask of the Church of God?" the priest demands of the candidate.

"Faith," the sponsors reply in the name of the child.

"What doth faith bring thee to?"

"Life everlasting."

"If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Breathing thrice in the child's face, he bids the unclean spirit depart and give place to the Holy Paraclete. He next makes the sign of the cross, the symbol of redemption upon the forehead and breast of the child, and prays that by his future exemplary conduct he may become a temple of God. Then follows the imposition of hands, a custom dating back to Apostolic times. Some blessed salt is now placed in the child's mouth. Just as salt preserves food from corruption, so it symbolizes the salutary effects of divine grace in preserving the soul from the corruption of sin. The priest places the end of his stole upon the child's head, leading him, as it were, into the Church, and saying, "Enter into the temple of God that thou mayest have part with Christ, in life eternal." On the way to the font the sponsors recite the Creed and Our Father, as a profession of faith for the child. His

nostrils and ears are now touched with spittle — after our Lord's example, who thus restored sight to the blind man mentioned in the gospel. After making a triple renunciation of Satan, and all his works and pomps, the child is anointed with the oil of catechumens on the breast and between the shoulders. On the breast, that by the gift of the Holy Ghost, he may cast off error and ignorance and may receive the true faith, 'for the just man liveth by faith'; on the shoulders, that by the grace of the Holy Spirit, he may shake off negligence and torpor, and engage in the performance of good works, 'for faith without works is dead.' After another declaration of faith the child is baptized, during which ceremony the sponsors must either hold or at least touch the child. The crown of its head is now anointed with chrism, to signify his union with the Church, the mystic body of Christ.

A white veil is put on the infant's head, with the words: "Receive this white garment, which mayest thou carry without stain before the judgment seat of our Lord Jesus Christ that thou mayest have eternal life." A lighted taper is placed in the sponsor's hand, the priest saying: "Receive this burning light, and keep thy baptism so as to be without blame. Observe the commandments of God; that, when our Lord shall come to his nuptials, thou mayest meet Him

together with all the Saints and mayest have life everlasting, and live for ever and ever. Amen. Go in peace, and the Lord be with you."

While the priest was recording the names in the baptismal register, Amadeo came forward and handed him a big round silver dollar with the remark: "*Ecco, Padre chisto per tuo incomodo; compriti un caffe.*"[1] A dollar always appeared unusually large to Amadeo when given to the support of the Church. He might easily have contributed half the amount necessary for its construction and never have missed the money. But when approached for a donation he deftly diverted the topic of conversation, and glibly spoke of his famous uncle, an archpriest in Calabria. "The people," he said, "invariably tried to secure him as preacher at every notable function."

Zi Pre' visited Amadeo occasionally in the hope of inducing him to attend Mass, but in vain. The latter took refuge in the oft repeated story of his famous uncle whose biography the priest had learned by heart. Amadeo lived but a stone's throw from the church, and seemed to vindicate the truth of the adage, "the nearer the church the farther from God."

"Signor Tightwaddo," said the priest, jok-

[1] This is for your trouble, Father; buy yourself a cup of coffee.

ingly, to him one day: "your cognomen is really a misnomer. You ought to ask the County Clerk to change it."

"What change would you suggest?" he demanded. "Should I take an American name?"

"Oh, no," replied the priest. "Just call yourself Amadenaro, or Amadiavolo, for you seem to love money and the devil more than God."

CHAPTER V

EARLY TRAINING

FORTUNATE, indeed, for Pasqualino, that his mother was piously inclined. She neutralized in a great measure by her example the less edifying conduct of her husband. He was left in undisputed possession of the bank and variegated emporium on the first floor where he fumed and vociferated to his heart's content during his wife's absence. His vocabulary usually assumed a tinge of refinement, however, when she appeared upon the scene. She dominated the living quarters on the second floor, where she required him to keep a strict guard over his tongue on account of the children. She realized how strong in them is the imitative instinct. Seldom do they act independently, but do only what they see others doing. Having unbounded confidence in their parents, they regard everything said and done by them as right and good. Hence they will say and do the same in imitation of them. She had a profound horror of giving scandal, and tried most earnestly

to imbue her consort with the same religious sentiment. "Woe to him that shall scandalize any of these little ones," she used to repeat to him; "it were better for him that a mill-stone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." How can we ever expect our darling boy to grow up virtuous, to become a credit and comfort to us in our declining years, if from his very cradle he has constantly before his eyes the demoralizing example of a profane, intemperate father, who tramples under foot the laws of both God and His church?" Having graduated from an Italian convent, she was thoroughly grounded in her religion. She understood the importance of training Pasqualino from earliest infancy in the rudiments of faith. At the very first glimmering of intelligence she gave him this elementary instruction plainly, seriously and patiently. We cannot be too simple in our language to children, or even to adults when there is a question of instructing them in matters of religion. It is the method followed by our Lord Himself, whose parables were invariably drawn from the every-day happenings of life to illustrate most important truths. He speaks of heavenly things in terms not fully expressive of their sublime dignity, but suited rather to our feeble mode of comprehension. Thus should we endeavor to in-

struct those entrusted to our care and pay heed that they really grasp our meaning, otherwise, as far as practical results are concerned, we might just as well address them in Sanskrit. Religious instruction should be given seriously. In our present state of fallen nature, there is an unfortunate tendency to trifle with things sacred. This irreverential giddiness is particularly noticeable in the young. But no matter how provokingly funny her husband might deem it, Mrs. Amadeo never laughed, nor seemed at all pleased when her young hopeful did or said anything, though it were ever so witty, which bordered on irreligion. She had always been taught to regard "the fear of the Lord as the beginning of wisdom," and sought to impress that salutary fear upon the tender heart of her offspring. She began by teaching him the sign of the cross. For a long time when she tried to show him off in company, he invariably disappointed her by making the symbol of our redemption with his left hand, and it required painstaking and incessant repetitions to cure him of the habit. Patience finally triumphed. Rome wasn't built in a day. After the farmer has planted his corn, he doesn't expect immediately to see his field waving with a ripe and abundant crop of sixty bushels to the acre. He must patiently let nature take her course for a consider-

able time before he can know whether his labor will be fecund or fruitless. It is only after the lapse of months that he can hope to reap the reward of his industry. In cultivating the mind of Pasqualino she did not imagine that a plentiful harvest would spring up in a day. The growth of his body was slow and proceeded by insensible degrees. She did not wonder if his progress in knowledge and virtue was still slower. She was therefore on her guard against fretfulness and impatience.

Just as soon as his tiny lips were capable of articulating an intelligible sound, they were trained with heroic patience to repeat after her the Our Father, Hail Mary, and the Apostles' Creed. At the age of four, he would no more think of omitting his morning or night prayer than his breakfast or his supper, and he could recite the Ten Commandments without a single mistake. When he became big enough to sit at table with the rest of the family, it was his important function to say the grace both before and after meals.

"Little boys," his mother said to him, "must not come to table like the cat to her saucer of milk, or like animals to the trough. Almighty God expects us to ask His blessing beforehand both upon us and upon what He has given us to eat, and to thank Him after we have finished

eating." She never allowed him wine or beer, or even tea or coffee. Milk, and, in fact, more frequently plain water, constituted his only beverage. Once when his chubby hand reached out and clinched his father's glass of wine, the latter was inclined to humor him, but she promptly wrested it from his grasp with the warning "that it was bad for little boys."

"But why isn't it also bad for papas?" he demanded. Later on in life he made the same query in regard to the omission of Holy Mass and the Sacraments, and his good mother found the question still more embarrassing to answer.

She took great pains to impress upon him the thought of God's abiding presence. "God made us," she used to say to him, "in order that we may know, love, and serve Him in this life, and be happy with Him forever in the next life. He is always near us. In Him we live, move, and are. Our most secret thoughts are as clear to Him as the noonday sun. He sees and hears everything we do and say in the dark just the same as in the light. He keeps a strict account of all our thoughts, words, and deeds in the great book of life. Those who lead pure, good lives shall go to heaven when they die, and be happy with God forever. But lying, disobedient, wicked children shall never enter there. God shall drive them from His sacred presence forever into a

place of torment called Hell, where they shall always be miserable and unhappy." As moral consciousness gradually developed, Almighty God, the Creator, Redeemer, and Benefactor of mankind, became as much a living reality in Pasqualino's life as his own father.

No sooner was he able to toddle than she marched him off every Sunday morning with his sister to the church where he took his place during the 9 o'clock Mass with the other tots perched like so many sparrows on the steps leading to the Communion rail.

Pasqualino was inclined to be headstrong and needed correction betimes. His mother believed in giving it to him, but judiciously. Whenever he showed signs of obstinacy or stubbornness, she promptly turned him over her knee and administered a few vigorous spanks that usually brought him to his senses. She was careful to make her corrections neither too frequent nor too severe. Children, like metal, become hardened under continual hammering, which eventually leaves upon them little or no impression. Care should be taken to make the punishment fit the crime. When the same chastisement is invariably given, the distinction between slight and grievous faults gradually disappears. Those intrusted with the training of youth should be able to distinguish between indiscretion and

malice. Children are always prone to trivial pranks which leave them as they grow up. "When I was a child," says the Apostle, "I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away the things of a child." Such failings must be often overlooked and it would be most injudicious to be continually punishing children for them. But if the fault be immoral or indicative of a vicious disposition, such as telling lies, stealing, speaking improper words, disobedience or stubbornness — to overlook such delinquencies would be nothing short of criminal.

Correction supposes that a child has adopted some wrong notions, or contracted some bad habits. The evil may be remedied in one of two ways. First, by showing what is wrong in the notions adopted, and, by contrasting it with the opposite truth, to convince the judgment, and thus lead the young mind to correct itself. Bad habits may be broken in a similar manner by showing wherein they are wrong, and thus inducing the young mind to abandon them. But when this method fails, when the child sees what is right, and yet persists in doing wrong, such juvenile obstinacy can only be remedied by corporal punishment; and the parent who, in such cases, withholds it, destroys the child, according to the Scriptural admonition. "He that spareth

the rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, correcteth him betimes." Chastisement should be regarded as an act of domestic justice, and should be administered not in a rage or passion, but with due decorum; otherwise it will defeat its own purpose.

Amadeo was just the antithesis of his wife. His educational method was somewhat crude. He believed in raising children by the ear or hair. His presence among them usually lowered the temperature several degrees. The merry peal of song and laughter ceased. The frightened youngsters glided noiselessly, like phantoms, from the room. Or if they remained they spoke with bated breath, and could not look their sombre parent in the face without being almost petrified with terror. At his approach even Pasqualino's tiny arms instinctively went up in self-defense to parry a prospective blow.

When scarcely seven years of age an incident happened that he never forgot. One morning during his mother's absence he wandered into a neighboring fruit store, where he picked up a couple of apples and brought them home. While contentedly munching one of them at the door, he met his sister Concetta, to whom he offered the other. He was of a very generous disposition — a trait certainly not inherited from the paternal side of the house.

"Oh, Pasqualino! What have you done?" exclaimed the sister. "Father will flay you alive. That Sicilian grocer was down stairs a while ago, complaining to him that you had stolen fruit from his store."

Just then the children heard the heavy tread of familiar footsteps on the stair and their faces blanched at the thought of the impending storm. Concetta slunk into the kitchen, where she busied herself with the dishes, while Pasqualino darted into his bedroom, where he knelt down and began reciting Ave Marias with the greatest fervor. As the father entered, with a formidable strap in hand, he found the desperate criminal absorbed in prayer. The sight would have melted the heart of a savage to compassion. But Amadeo was no ordinary brute. "Come, strip off at once!" he thundered. "The disgrace of harboring a thief in my house is greater than I can bear." The little fellow reluctantly obeyed. While he rent the air with his agonizing shrieks as blow after blow descended upon his tender body, the mother returned. When she came within fifty yards of the house she instantly recognized the piteous appeals of Pasqualino to his mamma to save him. Rushing frantically up stairs, she threw herself between her offspring and his assailant. Then that rigid disciplinarian did a thing in his frenzy that should have landed

him in jail, or, still better, at the whipping post — he struck the poor, defenseless mother a savage blow, and departed.

A few days later Zi Pre' visited the store, and noticed that Mrs. Amadeo had a very badly swollen eye. "Why, what on earth happened to you?" he asked. "You must have met with a terrible accident. Did you fall off a street car?"

"Oh, no," she replied with a melancholy smile, "*E un piccolo regalo dal marito.*" (It is a little present from my husband.)

"You see, Fadda," explained the latter in his broken English, "she getta me so excite when she butt in to sava da kid. Per Bacco, I make everybody understan' that I'm padrone in my own house. But I'm not like those mean guys what run for a knife or a gun. When I fight a woman, I allus usa da fist."

"You are certainly a brave man," commented Zi Pre'. "Some afternoon you ought to take the whole family for an outing to Lincoln Park."

"What for?" asked Amadeo, "to see the statue of Garibaldi?"

"Oh, no," rejoined the priest with evident disgust, "but to visit the Zoological Garden. It is much more instructive. I think it might do you good to watch the grizzly bears playing with their cubs."

CHAPTER VI

A MISNOMER FOR A SCHOOL

"EF I taka de kids to Lincoln Park, eet will be for to show de grande monument of Giuseppe Garibaldi!" exclaimed Amadeo in an outburst of patriotism.

"The money squandered on his statue, brass bands and pyrotechnics would benefit the Italian people far more if devoted to the erection of an Italian church, school, orphanage or hospital," rejoined the priest.

"O, wat you got against heem?" demanded Amadeo. "W'y, las' week I read in *Tribuna* dat Zi Pre' was for giving the name of Garibaldi to public school on Poka Street."

"I am afraid," commented the priest, "that the editor of the *Tribuna* couldn't tell the truth if he tried. Have you seen this week's issue of the paper? Oh, here it is!" he exclaimed, taking it from the showcase and pointing to an article, which being vernacularized, ran as follows:

THE WRATH OF GUARDIAN ANGEL'S PASTOR

We learned from two Irish-American ladies whom we are ready to designate, that the old public school on W. Polk St. will be renamed after Garibaldi in compliance with a request made by the Rev. Pastor of Guardian Angel Church. Just because we published this news, with a few sympathetic remarks, the aforesaid clergyman published in the *New World* the following letter which we shall translate to the best of our ability.

NOT AFTER GARIBALDI

According to recent newspaper reports, the Board of Education has decided to replace the old Polk Street school with a new one, which will bear the name of Giuseppe Garibaldi. We have in Chicago a weekly Italian sheet with the picture of an ocean liner extending across the top of the front page. It is bedecked with all the naval flags of the universe and sails under the bombastic title of *Tribuna Transatlantica.* The most appropriate haven for this literary mud scow is the waste basket. The appellation — newspaper — is really a misnomer. For, whatever notable event may accidentally break into its columns, invariably appears too late to have any value as a news item. The editor claims to

be anticlerical, but not antireligious — rather a subtle distinction without any practical difference. When accused by me of attacking the Church's doctrines, he emphatically denounced the accusation as a "cunning Jesuitical trick," "a low down calumny." Verily this man protesteth too much. Scarcely a year ago this "anticlerical but not antireligious" scribe printed an article in which he tried to show that the Church, instead of deriving the seven sacraments from her Divine Founder, pilfered them from pagan ceremonies prevailing among the idolators of India. He compared each sacrament with a supposedly corresponding pagan rite, leaving the reader to infer that there existed the most perfect concordance. He culminated his blasphemous diatribe by asserting that Protestants were far more reasonable in regard to the Holy Eucharist than Catholics, for, unlike them, they didn't pretend to devour a full-grown man, body and bones, hair, teeth and beard, but simply claimed to eat a piece of bread in memory of him. At the time of its appearance, I put this diabolical travesty on file for future reference. And this is the man who proffered his services as Sunday School teacher at the opening of Guardian Angel Mission!

Last week, in a moment of irrepressible mirth and utter disregard for truth, our anticlerical

neighbor asserted that through the influence of Guardian Angel's Pastor, the new school on Polk Street would be named after the immortal hero of two hemispheres — Giuseppe Garibaldi. What a giggle-provoking lie that was! Every Catholic knows that a priest would just as soon have the school named after Beelzebub, Bob Ingersol or Judas Iscariot.

A few years ago we succeeded in having the school diagonally across from the Guardian Angel Church, named after Dante, the Shakespeare of Italy. This compliment extended to the Italian colony has not satisfied the inordinate cravings of our anticlerical journalist. Was it perhaps the thought of Dante's Inferno that smote his conscience, and too forcibly reminded him of what he must inevitably expect hereafter, unless he repent of his futile attacks upon the Church? We don't know. We, however, do know, that he is at present making gigantic efforts to honor the name of one whom all true Catholics regard as the antithesis of Dante. Since we protested against naming the new Polk Street school after an ignorant bushwhacker, notorious for his demoniac hatred of the Pope, as such a procedure would insult the entire Catholic population, irrespective of nationality, our anticlerical friend is frantic. The poor man has an acute case of Irish, Jesuit and Popephobia.

Listen to this ebullition of aggressive patriotism:

"So the Italian must not praise Garibaldi who represents the ideal of mother country united and free? Ah, must we Italians refuse to cherish in our hearts one of the most divine sentiments which God has implanted there — the love of mother country? Yes, gentlemen, in order to please a few fanatical Irishmen, must we ignore those who, from Dante down to the present day, have desired the freedom of their native land, who have given their energy, aye, and their heart's blood to liberate it from foreign, domestic, and, above all, from Papal tyranny? Is, perhaps, love of country an exclusively Irish prerogative? Have they alone the right to hate such as Cromwell, Queen Mary (?) and other oppressors of their native country? . . . If they imagine that they have succeeded in doping the patriotism of Chicago Italians with societies of Saints and Madonnas, sodalities, parishes, Catholic schools, the acquisition of influential friends, etc., we assure them that they are very much mistaken."

Let us briefly analyze these patriotic sentiments. A cursory glance at the *Tribuna's* argument clearly shows the editor's anxiety to justify his hatred of the Pope. Here it is in a nutshell: The Italians have just as much right as

the Irish to hate the tyrants of their country; and since the Pope has always been Italy's greatest tyrant; therefore the Italians have the right to hate him, just as the Irish are justified in hating Cromwell and other oppressors of Ireland! When we hear men like the editor of the *Tribuna* ranting about papal tyranny we cannot help recalling Æsop's fable of the ungrateful serpent that stung its benefactor.

The Papacy has been the greatest benefactor the Italian people ever had. During the interval in which the Popes were exiled and resided in Avignon, grass grew in the streets of Rome. What wonderful blessings resulted from the Italian revolution? National bankruptcy, starvation, and the forced emigration of the inhabitants. Behold the triple legacy which the *Tribuna's* "ideal of mother country, united and free," has bequeathed to posterity! It is an inheritance over which the natives of Southern Italy must grow enthusiastic. Neither the Irish nor anyone else has the right to hate his enemies. Christ commands us to love them, to do good to those who hate and persecute us. We must hate pernicious principles and actions, but persons? never!

Nobody pretends that the Irish have a monopoly of patriotism. Of course they love their native land, but they love their God and their

religion more. Their special virtue, with which the editor of the *Tribuna* might imbue his anti-clerical compatriots, is to build and support churches, orphanages and schools, before undertaking to name them. A vigorous campaign is just now being conducted to embellish public school nomenclature with the names of Garibaldi and three defunct saloonkeepers! In naming an object care should be taken that a certain analogy exist between its nature or purpose and the title it receives. A school is a building in which teachers are engaged in the peaceful pursuit of imparting elementary instruction to the young. Were they institutions in which pupils are initiated in the lucrative art of extracting malt beverages from potatoes, corn, and the Lord only knows from what other products, or, in wielding the sword instead of the pen, why, then, of course, Garibaldi, Gambrinus or the name of the individual who brewed the beer that made the town north of us famous, would answer perfectly. Since the curriculum of studies in the public schools is restricted to the three "R's," common sense and the eternal fitness of things dictate that in the selection of names we ought to choose from those distinguished in the realm of literature, science and arts that require brain rather than brawn. Were there question of bestowing appropriate

titles upon military academies, it would be indeed proper to name them after warriors whose military genius and exploits have elicited the world's admiration. It is not, however, a case of naming soldiers' barracks, breweries, or distilleries, but simply grammar schools. If the latter must be named after generals and statesmen, why not exhaust, first of all, the long list of Americans? There is a tendency among cheap politicians, for the selfish purpose of securing votes, to utilize both schools and parks in perpetuating the memory of anyone but a native hero. The city parks are adorned with the monuments of foreign celebrities, but where in this great western metropolis is there a statue to the memory of him who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen"— the immortal George Washington? It seems that our home products, like the prophets of old, are without honor in their own country. Why should the name of the Polk Street school be changed to that of Garibaldi? Was he distinguished for his learning? Where can we find a copy of his literary productions? Who was this wonderful character in whose behalf a petition signed by all the Italian Masons and infidels of Chicago is before the Board of Education?

Garibaldi was simply a red-shirted revolution-

ist by profession, just like those abounding in Central and South America. Had he lived in the United States, his proper place would have been, not among the Unionists, but among the rebels. To fight against rebellion in defense of lawful authority and established government would have been quite a novelty to him and contrary to his native instincts. Cavour said of him: "Garibaldi wants to perpetuate the revolution; we wish to terminate it." If the Board desires to place the school under the auspices of a rebel type, why not patronize home talent, and call it Jeff Davis or Sitting Bull? These have at least the advantages of being native Americans. What would school children find in Garibaldi worthy of imitation? A spirit of obedience? He claimed that the ambition of his life was "to see the last king strung up by the entrails of the last priest." Love of study? He had little or no education, and despised it in others. He preferred instinct to study, and the happy inspirations of ignorance to the calculations of science. Candor? At heart he was a republican, but without the courage of his convictions. He became a willing tool in the hands of Mazzini and other schemers to build up the present monarchy. What can citizens of a republic find commendable in such a despicable character as to name a school after him?

If the Board of Education really wishes to honor the Italian people, let the school be called after Manzoni, whose homestead in Milan has been converted into a national monument. Sir Walter Scott did not hesitate to style his "Betrothed" the greatest novel ever written. Then there is Petrarca, Ariosto, Alfieri, Tasso, Silvio Pellico, and a galaxy of others whose works stand preeminent in the world's literature, and whose names might appropriately adorn the greatest shrines of learning throughout the country.

As American citizens, we love our country. Because of our patriotism, we see no reason why, in re-naming the Polk Street school, the distinguished heroes of this glorious republic should be ignored in order to honor a foreign revolutionist in whose antagonism to the Church, we, as American Catholics, certainly find nothing to admire.

. . . . . .

The anticlerical journal which labored so ardently to get a Chicago school named after the notorious Italian bushwhacker was subsequently invited to paste a whole edition over the wounds of its defeat. The Board of Education very wisely ignored the much-signed petition and named the school after an American.

Thus the despoiler of St. Peter's Patrimony received quite a jolt in the great city of Chicago. And it was well. While he lived he took more interest in revolution than he did in education.

CHAPTER VII

CONFIRMATION

PASQUALINO was a lad of the Southern Italian type, beautiful as a picture and lively as a cricket. He had a classically shaped head profusely covered with a wealth of jet black curly hair. His big brown liquid eyes fairly scintillated, and, in striking contrast to the multitude of anæmic looking children of the neighborhood, his olive tinted complexion had a warm rich glow indicative of perfect health and proper nourishment.

His mother prepared him most carefully for his first confession just as soon as he began to realize the meaning of mortal sin. He had been regularly attending the instructions and she was overjoyed when he came bounding into her room one day with the announcement that he had passed successfully the examination for First Communion and Confirmation. "But you are altogether too young, my child," she exclaimed. "You had better wait for another year at least, and then you will be better pre-

pared." She was somewhat scrupulous about letting him approach Holy Communion on account of his tender age. He had not yet reached his ninth birthday. "Why, Father," she said to the priest next morning, "I am really afraid to let Pasqualino go to Holy Communion with the others, as it might expose the Blessed Sacrament to irreverence."

"He knows a great deal more about it than the others in his class," replied the priest. "We must not be more solicitous about the interests of God's glory than God Himself. During His earthly sojourn our Divine Redeemer proved by act as well as word that it was His delight to be with the children of men. 'Suffer little children,' He said, 'to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" He allayed her fears by assuring her that there was no valid reason for preventing the lambs of the flock from partaking of the Bread of Life, once they reached the age of discretion. "When they have attained the degree of intelligence necessary to distinguish the Holy Eucharist from common material bread, or as the Apostle expresses it, 'of discerning the body of the Lord,' and have sufficient love in their innocent hearts to form the desire of receiving Him, nothing more is required. Their tender minds and hearts are ready. From that time on

they have not only the right, but also the obligation to approach the Eucharistic Table. There is but one obstacle that might prevent them; it is mortal sin."

"But do you think that he will receive worthily?" she asked.

"Who," replied the priest, "is worthy to receive the Lord and Author of life? We do not approach Holy Communion because we are worthy and good, but because God is; not because we deserve it, but because we need it. Nobody waits to become warm before approaching the fire, otherwise he would remain cold a long while and eventually freeze. That is why the primitive Christians communicated every day, 'continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house.' If frequent communion does not inflame our hearts with the love of God, nothing else will. Now that Pasqualino has come to the use of reason, the command, 'Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall have no life in you,' is just as binding upon him, as upon you. He is obliged, just the same as an adult, to hear Mass on Sundays and holidays, to observe the days of abstinence, and to make his Easter duty."

Mrs. Amadeo left the rectory with the firm resolution that if her offspring failed to obey

these precepts, it would not be through any fault of his mother.

The coming of the Archbishop to administer Confirmation invariably drew an immense crowd. There was a class of about 500 to confirm, and in it figured prominently Pasqualino. With few exceptions every candidate was accompanied by a sponsor. This circumstance, together with the presence of fond parents anxious to behold the enlistment of their offspring in the Lord's army, produced quite a multitude. The church being too small to accommodate the crowd, two ceremonies became imperative. As soon as a portion of the throng filled the sacred edifice the doors were locked and guarded. After the departure of the first division through the vestry, the portals were again thrown open and the balance of the class were allowed to enter. By the time the forehead of the last candidate had been signed with holy chrism, the Archbishop was pretty well exhausted. He had perspired profusely. His rochet was wringing wet, and his forehead, streaked with red from the lining of his miter. But in spite of the fatigue, he gave the children a brief, practical instruction on the nature and effects of Confirmation, as well as on the duty of co-operating with the graces which they had received. He said in part:

"My Dear Children: When our Lord was

about to ascend into heaven, the Apostles were very sad at the thought of His departure. But He consoled them, promising to send the Holy Ghost, or Paraclete, which means Comforter, Consoler. He, the Holy Spirit of truth, would abide with them forever to guide them in the way of holiness and truth. Immediately after our Savior's ascension into heaven, the Apostles returned to Jerusalem where they remained for ten days in prayer and recollection, waiting until the Holy Ghost came down upon them in the form of fiery tongues. This afternoon, you received the same Holy Spirit of God, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, in the sacrament of Confirmation, in order to make you strong and perfect Christians, and soldiers of Jesus Christ. This sacrament is called by various names. The Italians call it *la Cresima,* or Chrism, because the forehead of the person to be confirmed is anointed with holy chrism. Sometimes it is designated as the 'imposition or laying on of hands,' because the bishop extends his hands over those whom he confirms. It is more generally called Confirmation, because it confirms or strengthens the soul with divine grace. In the Acts of the Apostles, Chapter VIII, we read that after the Samaritan converts had been baptized by Philip the deacon, 'they sent to them Peter and John, who, when

they were come, prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost; for He was not yet come upon any of them . . . then they laid their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.' In the XIX chapter it is related that when Paul came to Ephesus and found certain disciples, he asked them: 'Have you received the Holy Ghost, since you believed?' But they said: 'We have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost . . . And when Paul had imposed his hands on them, the Holy Ghost came upon them, and they spoke with tongues and prophesied.' From these passages of Holy Writ we infer that Confirmation has all the necessary elements of a true sacrament, viz.: An outward sign instituted by Christ, and giving grace. The anointing of the forehead and the words pronounced at the same time by the Bishop constitute an outward sign visible to all. This outward sign practiced by the Apostles upon the newly baptised is productive of grace, for it is indicated as the instrumental cause of the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Author of grace. 'Then they laid their hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost.' This is admirably confirmed by the verse immediately following, because there it is recorded that 'When Simon (the magician) saw that *by* the imposition of the Apostles' hands, the Holy Ghost was

given, he offered them money, saying: Give me also this power that on whomsoever I shall lay my hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost.' Simon made no mistake in acknowledging the Apostolic power of imparting grace through the imposition of hands, but he was deceived in thinking that such power could be purchased with money. Hence St. Peter reproved him, saying: 'Keep thy money to thyself to perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.' This outward sign must have been divinely instituted and employed by the Apostles at the express command of Christ. They certainly had not the power of originating an outward sign productive of grace. They in fact declared that they were not 'the authors, but the dispensers of the mysteries of God.'"

The so-called reformers did not hesitate to repudiate the sacrament of confirmation on the ground that its institution could not be clearly proved from Scripture. Calvin was very bitter and blasphemous in its denunciation. In the Lutheran churches confirmation is an examination in Christian doctrine of a candidate and a renewal of his profession of faith which had been made for him by godparents at the time of his baptism. The Episcopalians retain the name of confirmation, but nothing more. Contrary to

the practice of all antiquity they mutilate the rite by omitting the unction with chrism. In fact, they are careful to remind us that the rite administered by them has no sacramental efficacy whatever.

Confirmation, or the rite of imparting the Holy Ghost, cannot be regarded as an extraordinary gift conferred upon the Apostles, and which was to cease with their death. No grounds for any such assertion can be found either in the Bible or in the teachings of the Church. Confirmation, which was usually administered to the catechumens immediately after baptism, formed as regular a part of the Apostolic ministry as preaching, baptizing, ordaining, etc. Hence the lawful successors of the Apostles, viz.: the Bishops of the Catholic Church, have the same right to confirm as they have to preach, to baptize, to ordain, or to exercise any other inherited apostolic function.

Confirmation is not absolutely necessary for salvation the same as baptism. Yet for those who have come to the use of reason, it is required by divine as well as Church law. God wants us to fortify ourselves with all the spiritual helps needed for the attainment of our last end, and the catechism declares that it is a sin to neglect confirmation especially in these evil days when faith and morals are exposed to so many

and such violent temptations. Those having the opportunity to receive this sacrament of strength, and failing to do so, resemble soldiers without weapons in time of battle. They have little chance of victory over their passions.

Confirmation, like Baptism and Holy Orders, can only be received once. These three sacraments imprint upon the soul an indelible character, a spiritual seal which remains even after death for the honor and glory of those who are saved, but for the shame, confusion and punishment of those who are lost. Baptism makes us the children, Confirmation the soldiers, Holy Orders the priests of God. A child may rebel against his parents and run away from home. But it doesn't matter how fast or how far he runs, he will always remain the son of his father. A soldier, too, may become a traitor and abandon his colors, but he is still a member of the army. If caught, he will be tried and punished as a deserter. Those abandoning the regular army may elude pursuit. They may change their name and lose themselves in a large city, or run away to a distant country. But for those deserting the Lord's army there is absolutely no immunity. It is utterly impossible for them to escape. Whatever character we have borne here, either as children, soldiers, or priests of God, in the same rôle we shall appear before His judg-

ment seat. We shall be rewarded or punished according to our merits.

Those confirmed by the Apostles usually manifested the presence of the Holy Ghost through the gift of tongues, miracles and prophecy. We don't expect the Holy Spirit to produce in you such prodigies. Those extraordinary graces have been granted at different times to apostolic missionaries by the Holy Spirit who gives to each that measure of grace enabling him to accomplish what God expects of him. "Just as the sapling," says St. Gregory, "is daily watered by the gardener who loosens the earth about its roots, so that the sun and moisture may nourish them, until they have taken deep root and no longer require any special care; so the Church in her infancy needed to be nourished by the miraculous power of God. But after the Church had taken root in the hearts of the people and spread her branches over the face of the earth, God left her to the ordinary agencies of His providence."

We expect that the Holy Ghost whom you have received will make you speak the language of God. Your conversation in future will be holy. You will avoid the profane language of the world, the language of anger, deceit, lying, slander, impurity. Henceforth you must speak a tongue that is new and unknown to the chil-

dren of the world. You must show by your conduct that the Holy Spirit abides in you and speaks through you, that you are really His living temples. If you have not received the gift of tongues as did the primitive Christians, you must show at least that you have received something far more excellent — the gift of making proper use of your own tongue.

You have received, moreover, the gift of fortitude or strength to enable you to do the will of God in all things. You were given a slight blow on the cheek to remind you that you must be ready to suffer everything, even death for the sake of Christ. The Crusaders were knighted in a similar manner. According to the ancient ceremonial, the Bishop gave those defenders of the faith a slight blow with a sword which he presented to them, and they arose knights. After anointing your foreheads with holy chrism, he also gives you a slight blow to remind you that you have become knights, warriors of Christ, and that you must combat for His glory. Of course you shall not be called upon to shed your blood for your faith, as were the early martyrs. Those dreadful persecutions are not likely to be repeated. But you shall have other struggles to endure against the world, the flesh, and the devil "who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." You may encounter

persons of little or no religion, "wolves dressed in sheep's clothing," who will try to rob you of your faith. This very neighborhood in which you live is swarming with them. Against their impious attacks you must show a courage worthy the soldiers of Jesus Christ. It is your duty to uphold the interests and glory of your Master. What boy would allow anyone to speak contemptuously of his parents? And how could you allow any scoffer to insult Christ and His Church, or to ridicule devotion to His Blessed Mother? Never be influenced by human respect which prevents weak characters from professing their faith. Never omit your morning or night prayers. Come promptly to Mass on Sundays and Holidays, and approach the sacraments regularly. Above all, avoid the occasions of sin. You may find stumbling blocks to the practice of virtue and religion even among your relatives whose scandalous conduct may be a constant invitation to wickedness. Pray for their conversion. No matter to which side you turn, you may see evil applauded and good derided. Those will be your tyrants and persecutors. But the graces received this day in Confirmation will enable you to resist and triumph.

CHAPTER VIII

SCHOOL DAYS

AFTER considerable family debate it was decided to let Pasqualino attend the parochial school where the good Sisters were certain to exert upon him a refining influence. He soon gave evidence of remarkable talent. His desire to learn, to see whatever was going on, and especially to ply people with questions, was so insistent, that his father often implored him for the love of San Sebastiano or the Madonna to keep his mouth shut and let people have a chance to speak of more important matters. He gradually became *persona non grata* in the business section of the Amadeo household, and whenever appearing there, was usually invited to depart. He was a walking interrogation point, and the father vastly preferred to sell steerage tickets, and make out money orders than to fatigue his brain answering childish questions. "The mania which that boy has for talking," he exclaimed, "convinces me that he will eventually become either a great lawyer or a great nuisance.

In fact, he is the latter already." But in spite of his gruff exterior he began to soften towards the lad whom he had once so inhumanly chastised, and decided to give him the best education available. At the age of twelve Pasqualino entered the preparatory course of a Catholic college and for three successive years easily led his class in all the branches. He manifested a special predilection for reading and at times became so absorbed in the perusal of a book as to forget the bell for meals. In all the college plays he invariably took a leading part. Gifted with a tenacious memory and a talent for elocution, his declamatory efforts usually elicited great applause. Each year of his college course he carried off the gold medal for Christian doctrine. In class he never failed to importune the professor for the explanation of any difficulty he did not comprehend.

A two weeks' mission was conducted one season in the church, and it left upon Pasqualino an indelible impression. The religious exercises were conducted in true Italian style. On a Sunday morning after the first gospel of the High Mass, the pastor bearing a large crucifix, and accompanied by acolytes, met the Missionary Fathers at the church door. The procession chanting psalms marched slowly up the middle aisle to the main altar. The pastor presented

the crucifix to the missioners who were formally given charge of the congregation. The people were exhorted to take advantage of the graces afforded them during the mission and to attend regularly its various exercises. The admonition was hardly needed, for each evening every seat was taken fully an hour before the services began. In fact one Sunday night that the Fire Department came over hurriedly in response to a false alarm turned in by an hysterical female, so dense was the throng both within and without the church, that the Fire Marshal wrote a curt note to the pastor the next day informing him that if he ever allowed his church to be overcrowded again, he would simply notify the Chief of Police to issue a warrant for his arrest. A characteristic feature of the mission and which held the attention of Pasqualino far more than the most elaborate sermon, was the dialogue between the preceptor and pupil. This method of imparting instruction is as old as the hills and exceedingly popular among the Southern Italians. The questions and answers of the controversial subjects treated were followed by Pasqualino most minutely, so that afterwards he was able to repeat the entire dialogue almost verbatim. A novel feature of the mission, recalling the conduct of the primitive Christians who brought their books of necromancy to be

burned by the Apostles, was the combustion of anti-catholic literature in the church yard. A waste basket was filled with spurious editions of the Bible and slanderous pamphlets which a few misguiding zealots had distributed among the people. News of this impending event spread rapidly and created great consternation among the evangelicals. About an hour before the ceremony one of them came to the basement of the church. He was eyed suspiciously by a group of altar boys. "Oh, look who is here!" whispered one. "That fellow comes from the Taylor Street Mission. I have often seen him gadding about the street corners on Sunday, trying to coax children into the Bible class."

"I admire his nerve," commented Pasqualino. "I wonder what the Dickens brings him here." Then approaching the new comer, he addressed him: "Excuse me, Mister, is there anything I can do for you? Do you want that book given to the priest?" he added, pointing to the Bible which the evangelist carried under his arm. "No," replied the latter, "but I would like very much to speak to him." The boys made a futile effort to repress an irrepressible giggle. Just then Zi Pre' entered the room on his way to the sacristy and the giggling ceased. "Just a moment," said the evangelist, stopping him. "If you can convince me that my bible is not the

Word of God, I will let you have it to be burned along with the others."

"If your bible," said the priest, "has the approval of the Catholic Church, it is authentic. If it lacks that sanction, it must be spurious. I haven't time to examine it now."

"Well," insisted the evangelist, "I claim that it is the word of God just the same as the Catholic Bible. There is no difference between them."

"Your claiming doesn't make it so," responded the priest. "The word of God doesn't consist in mere letters, whether written or printed, but in the true sense of it. A false interpretation can turn the word of God into the word of man, or even into the word of the devil who quoted Scripture rather fluently to our Savior, when tempting Him in the desert. In itself the Bible is a dead letter. It cannot talk or explain itself. Without an infallible teaching authority to interpret its true meaning, what good can it do us? Here, Pasqualino, conduct this gentleman to the church, and give him a good seat toward the front where he can clearly hear the Missioner." The evangelist followed Pasqualino into the church, while the priest proceeded to the baptistery. The missioner prefaced the bonfire with a forcible sermon on the authenticity of the Scriptures. "The Catholic Church," he said, "the divinely appointed guardian of God's mes-

sage to mankind, cannot tolerate spurious editions of His written word, any more than the government can connive at the circulation of counterfeit bills. Our separated brethren pretend to discover no essential difference between the Catholic and Protestant version of Scripture, although they regard seven books of the Old Testament as apocryphal. Strange inconsistency! The books which they reject have absolutely the same sanction as those which they accept — the sanction of the Catholic Church, without whose authority St. Augustine declared: 'I would not believe the Gospel.' The craze for scattering bibles broadcast over the face of the earth, is a most potent cause of the growing irreverence and disbelief in its contents. Cheap bibles have been used for gun wadding and even more ignoble purposes by the very people upon whom they have been foisted. This indiscriminate distribution of biblical literature is designedly made by ignorant Gospel peddlers so that they may present lengthy and glowing accounts of their proselytizing labor to interested employers. We have encountered individuals simple minded enough to believe that the first edition of the Bible, after the invention of the printing press, was published by Martin Luther! As a matter of historical fact no less than fifty-six editions of the Sacred Book had appeared in

Europe long before the birth of the famous heresiarch. Another popular fallacy is that the Church discourages the reading of the Bible among her members, as it might make them Protestants. Strange that it made Catholics of Manning, Newman, Faber, and a host of others! Persons afflicted with this delusion might profitably peruse the preface of the first Catholic Bible that they happen to run across. They will find in it a congratulatory letter from Pius VI to Archbishop Martini of Florence who had just completed a translation of the Bible into Italian. The pontiff indicates the benefits which the faithful may reap by piously reading the Holy Scriptures with explanatory notes in their mother tongue. True, in the days of religious turmoil when heretics sought to fill the sacred text with interpolations of their erroneous doctrines, thus wresting the words of Scripture to their own destruction, restrictions were placed on the circulation and reading of the Bible. The Church is its divinely appointed custodian. Once we repudiate her teaching authority, we cannot be certain of its authenticity, and nothing remains for us but to be 'tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine.'"

Pasqualino's home surroundings were anything but attractive. The neighborhood had undergone little or no change from the time of the

great Chicago fire in 1871. The same old shanties erected then, were beginning to show the ravages of time. On all the intervening streets between Van Buren and Maxwell, from the river to Blue Island Avenue, garbage boxes were obnoxiously evident and arranged as sentinels along the sidewalks. In the years immediately following the awful conflagration caused by Mrs. O'Leary's cow, that section of the city was inhabited by the Irish and Bohemians. Just as soon as they acquired the means, the most of them moved away. They were succeeded by Russian Jews, Italians, and Greeks. An oasis of green grass and shady trees in the form of a small park would have been a God send to the rising generation of that congested tenement district. The priest had repeatedly urged the West Side Park Board to select a site for that purpose. After several years of needless procrastination a few lots opposite the church were purchased for a public playground. In the crowded thoroughfares of that Italian quarter youngsters might be found who never saw a blade of grass, much less a flower, until they beheld the few sickly plants and vines that were making an heroic struggle for existence on the lawn of Guardian Angel Church. Poor little children, like the flowers of the neighborhood, their life was miserable.

Signor Buonanima, the godfather and maternal uncle of Pasqualino, kept an ice-cream parlor on N. Clark St., near Lincoln Park. The Amadeos were toiling and moiling from early morn till late at night, selling steamship tickets, exchanging money, sending drafts, and writing letters for clients to their loved ones in far-off Italy. Thursday, the weekly college free-day brought Pasqualino more in contact with his parents. They did not require much coaxing to let him spend that day at his uncle's. Thus he would not be around to pester them with his incessant prattle. To the uncle's house therefore Pasqualino regularly went in order to spend the greater part of Thursday. He invariably brought along a couple of school books and devoted a few hours to the preparation of class exercises for the next day. The rest of the time was spent romping about the park, playing tennis, or visiting the zoological garden. He never failed to visit a big grizzly bear to whom he usually threw a few crumbs of cracker jack, that is, when the attendants were not in sight. Pasqualino seemed totally oblivious of the placards confronting him on every side not to feed the animals. It amused him immensely to watch the antics of Bruin who would complacently straighten up on his haunches like a trained dog anticipating a lump of sugar. If any of the tempting crumbs happened to fall

outside the bars, he stretched out his paw and deftly swept them into the cage. One Thursday morning while Pasqualino stood observing an African lion, a dark complexioned gentleman with a Van Dyke beard approached the railing of the enclosure. Pasqualino scrutinized him intently, endeavoring to recall where he had seen his face before. He finally located him, and said to himself: "I got your number, old boy. You're the gent who came to argue with Zi Pre' at the close of the mission!" A similar process of inquiry was probably taking place in the mind of the stranger, who engaged Pasqualino in the following conversation.

CHAPTER IX

AT THE ZOO

"WELL, young man," said the stranger, "what do you think of the king of the forest?" An attendant with a basket of meat happened to pass along the enclosure. At sight of him the monarch of the jungle rushed to the front of his cage and emitted a terrific roar that caused both the stranger and Pasqualino a momentary shudder. The lion's roar aroused a concert of protests from neighboring cages. The jaguars, leopards and tigers soon joined the animal chorus. "Wow!" ejaculated Pasqualino. "I cannot help thinking of what the Archbishop said when he gave us Confirmation, 'to be sober and watch: because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour.' That fellow would certainly make short work of us if he ever escaped."

The pair emerged into the open air and proceeded towards the monkey house. The first cage to the left of the entrance contained a Mandrill baboon who, of all animals in the collection,

was by far the homeliest and most repulsive. His face, like a chromatic spectrum, seemed to exhibit nearly every color of the rainbow, while his fiery red nose gave him the appearance of a reprobate who had been on a week's debauch.

"Hello, Grandpa!" exclaimed the stranger, playfully addressing the horrid creature.

"So that is the brute which Mr. Darwin would have us recognize as our ancestor!" commented Pasqualino. "Nobody can convince me that I am even remotely related to such an ugly beast. I think that I shall move on so as not to disturb your conversation with Grandpa. The odor of this place is rotten like the animals." The stranger did not seem inclined to renew old acquaintances, and followed Pasqualino to a cage of timber wolves.

"How strongly they resemble the domestic canine!" said the stranger. "They might be trained to mind the house."

"I'm afraid," said Pasqualino, "that as watch dogs they would prove a failure. You might as well get a cat to mind a canary, or a hawk to watch a brood of chickens. They remind me of the admonition 'to beware of false prophets who come to us in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.' These brutes at least are not masquerading. Just observe the size of that fellow's mouth and teeth when he yawns!

Anyone could easily recognize him at quite a distance and keep out of his way. But those wolves arrayed in sheep's clothing who steal upon us unawares . . . they are the ones we must guard against."

"Why who can those wolves be that cause you so much uneasiness?" asked the stranger.

"The Gospel indicates them clearly enough, and our priest has told me about them repeatedly," rejoined Pasqualino. "They are those misguided soul-chasers who abound in the West Side Italian district. The feminine variety is extremely dangerous, as she usually has such attractive and winning ways. These zealots are continually trying to draw Italian children into their meeting houses. Under the guise of giving the poorer ones an outing in the country they keep them under control during the summer months and employ all sorts of inducements to rob them of their faith. Sometimes they meet us on our way home from Mass and tell us we mustn't believe that we receive Jesus in Holy Communion, that it is only a piece of ordinary bread which the priest gives us. They offer little girls candy, clothes, and all kinds of presents, in order to entice them into their sewing circles. Some go so far as to place a cross over their chapel and hang pictures of the Madonna on the walls in order to hoodwink the simple-minded.

There is a poor barber dying of consumption in a house on Desplaines Street. One of these fanatics visited his wife and told her that if she only joined their church, the rent would be paid and the family would be supplied with coal and groceries during the winter. Our pastor told us all about the case, because he is attending her husband. He said that it was like Satan taking our Lord to the top of a mountain, and promising Him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them, if only falling down He would adore him. The barber's wife begged the proselytizer to go away and not try to take advantage of her poverty. Although in extreme need, she was not ready to exchange her priceless gift of faith for a mess of pottage.

"One Sunday morning the priest discovered two men distributing their leaflets among the children in Guardian Angel school yard. He was very indignant that they dared to trespass on private property. He ordered them out and declared that if he ever caught them on the church premises again, they would get a free ride in the patrol wagon. Last summer two individuals were haranguing the people in front of Garibaldi Hall on Ewing Street. One started to sing a hymn while the other doled out bibles from a satchel to the crowd. Suddenly the listeners began to jeer and pelt them with water-melon

rinds obtained from a neighboring garbage box, and finally chased them across Polk street bridge. Now I regard these gospel peddlers as ravening wolves."

"Do you really think," asked the stranger, "that those engaged in spreading the Gospel among ignorant, superstitious Italians are ravening wolves?"

"Yes," replied Pasqualino. "What else but a wolf in sheep's clothing would you consider the so-called Father Anastasi who donned a set of vestments and pretended to say Mass *al fresco* on W. Polk St., for the Santa Rosalia Society? This proselytizing skulduggery was highly commended by the Episcopalian Official Organ[1] which declared that 'the 3,000 reverent Italians were delighted at having finally discovered a Catholic (?) priest who did not live in submission to the Pope!' Anyone employing such underhanded tactics in the commercial world, would be speedily driven out of business."

"You seem to be deeply prejudiced against these good people," said the stranger. "Are you acquainted at all with their religion?"

"No, sir," rejoined Pasqualino, "and what is more, I have no desire to make its acquaintance. It is enough for me to know that these people despise the Pope, bishops, and priests, about

[1] "The Diocese of Chicago," (Nov., 1913, p. 20).

whom they are continually spreading all kinds of lies. Why don't they stay at home and mind their own business, or wait at least until we send for them? They seem so anxious to make us apostatize from the true faith. Are you perhaps one of them?"

"Oh, dear no," responded the stranger. "I am an Evangelist."

"An Evangelist!" echoed Pasqualino, giving a long whistle and drawing back in astonishment. "Which one of them have I the honor to address? Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John? I thought that all four were dead and buried centuries ago. What is the difference between a Protestant and an Evangelist?"

"Protestants," explained the stranger, "are those who follow the reformation of Calvin and Luther. Evangelists or Evangelicals adhere to the pure and simple Gospel explained in its true sense."

"Is your Gospel different from ours?" asked Pasqualino.

"Oh, it is really the same book," replied the stranger, "but with a different explanation."

"*Per Bacco,* that is wonderful," exclaimed Pasqualino. "What authority have you for your different explanation?"

"You might as well ask me," rejoined the stranger, "what authority I have to know light

from dark, white from black, or sweet from sour. Each one's common sense gives the true meaning of the Bible."

"Your illustrations," said Pasqualino, "denote objects that fall under the senses and even the animals are able to distinguish them. Offer a lemon even to a jackass, and see how quickly he will turn from it in disgust. The Bible is not an object of the senses, but something spiritual and divine. To recognize it as the written word of God, we require not only an enlightened mind, but also an infallible tribunal divinely established which St. Paul calls, 'the pillar and ground of truth.' Everybody claims to have common sense. Hence everybody even the most ignorant ought to be able then to explain the Bible. The New Testament was not written until quite a while after our Savior's death. During that interval men could certainly be saved without reading the Bible. They could not read and explain what was not written. Can you give any proof that we are obliged to read the Bible?"

"Why, do you think God gave us the Bible, if He didn't expect us to read it and thus learn His holy will?" asked the stranger.

"If God's will could be ascertained solely through the reading of the Bible," rejoined Pasqualino, "your argument might have some

weight. Fortunately His will may be learned in various other ways, and chiefly through the oral teaching of the Church which He commands us to obey. 'He that heareth not the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.' If all had the assistance of the Holy Spirit when reading the Bible, as you contend, all would agree in its interpretation. St. Peter declares that the epistles of St. Paul contain certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scripture, to their own destruction." (II Peter III-16.)

"But the Savior commanded us to read the Bible," insisted the stranger. "'Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting; and the same are they that give testimony of me.'"

"The passage quoted," said Pasqualino, "is of doubtful construction, and may be understood *indicatively* or *imperatively*. In either case it conveys no general command. Understood in the Indicative mood, it is simply a reproach to the Jews who, like yourself, derived such little profit from the reading of the Bible. Taken *imperatively*, the text refers, not to the multitude, but to the Scribes and Pharisees, those versed in the law, whom alone our Lord here addresses. If God commanded all to read the

Bible as the sole means of salvation, for Apostles He would have selected a dozen printers instead of twelve poor fishermen. Many cannot read, and many who can, have no bible. God never exacts an impossibility of His creatures. My grandmother doesn't know B from a bull's foot. Isn't there any salvation for her?"

"My dear boy," said the stranger patronizingly, "you don't understand these things. Just let me explain them to you gradually."

"Thanks, I don't need your explanation," retorted Pasqualino. "I can read the Bible, and my common sense will enable me to interpret it just as well, in fact better than you. Just tell me how an ignorant person can read and understand it, and then you may pass on to some other subject. You make me tired."

"Well, well," laughed the stranger, "your candor pleases me. What else have you to say?"

"Simply this," shouted Pasqualino excitedly; "if each one's common sense be enough to interpret the Bible, then let each one have a copy of it, and even the most illiterate will have no need of you or any other teacher. You should be true to your principles. To do otherwise is to act the traitor, the wolf in sheep's clothing." Just then Pasqualino heard the noon whistle.

"One word more," said the stranger. "Since

you are so much opposed to the common sense of each one, or the private illumination of the Holy Ghost, what assurance can you have that your belief is according to the Gospel?"

"Faith cometh by hearing," replied Pasqualino; "we get ours from the pastors whom the Holy Ghost appointed to govern the Church. We follow the teachings of those to whom it was said: 'Going therefore teach all nations all things whatsoever I have commanded, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.' We observe the doctrine taught by the lawful successor of him to whom it was declared: 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Kindly meet me here next Thursday and we can resume our conversation." Whereupon Pasqualino started on a record breaking pace, and did not stop running until breathless he reached his uncle's house.

CHAPTER X

PSEUDO-REFORMERS

PASQUALINO'S uncle was so busy waiting on customers that he failed to observe his panting, perspiring nephew glide swiftly through the store to the living apartment in the rear. The aunt, however, demanded an explanation of his delay.

"Oh, we stood talking near the conservatory," he explained, "and didn't notice the time passing. Just as soon as the 12 o'clock whistle blew, I started for home."

"Pasqualino!" she said, leveling her index finger at him and looking him straight in the eye, "you have been either swimming, or out in a boat! You look as if you had just been fished out of the lake."

"Neither one, nor the other, Auntie," he replied with an air of injured innocence that immediately dispelled her suspicions. "I am simply dripping with perspiration, because I ran all the way home."

Of course he should have told her about meeting that strange gentleman and of the conversa-

tion with him, but he did not realize the danger to which he was exposed. Rejoicing secretly over the victory achieved, he was anxious to return to the assault in order to render his triumph complete. He devoted every spare moment of the following week to the "Faith of our Fathers" and "Catholic Belief." With the mastery of these two books he felt that he was becoming quite a theologian. In fact on three different occasions after class he importuned his professor in order to obtain all possible information regarding Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII. "I'll be Johnny on the spot next Thursday morning," he said to himself in great glee, and rubbing his hands in anticipation of the fray. "If his whiskers only shows up, I'll hand him a few thought-provokers. I will take 'Catholic Belief' along in my pocket. It may come handy in case of doubt."

The following Thursday found him attentively watching the sea lions. An attendant was throwing them fish which they never failed to catch with their mouths. "There's only one thing these fellows are unable to catch," said the attendant. "I'll be the goat, mister," said Pasqualino. "What's the answer?"

"A cold," hoarsely muttered the attendant who fell into a paroxysm of coughing.

Just then the so-called evangelist, confident of

drawing a fish into his net, approached our youthful theologian and greeted him most cordially.

Pasqualino returned the salutation and added: "I have been thinking very seriously of what you said last week, and would like you to give me a few explanations."

"Well, here I am at your service," said the stranger with a beaming countenance. "But you must try to speak more calmly. So many people are passing here. Let us take that seat yonder where we shall neither be disturbed nor attract attention."

"That suits me," said Pasqualino, as both proceeded leisurely to the bench under a spreading chestnut tree. "Please excuse me," continued Pasqualino, "for having been so rude in my speech last Thursday. I am of a rather excitable temperament, and whenever anyone attacks the truth in my presence, it gets on my nerves. My professor has cautioned me repeatedly to argue quietly and not fly into a passion."

"Oh, make no more excuses, but go ahead with your questions," said the stranger.

"Well," began Pasqualino, "how long has your creed existed?"

"The evangelical creed," replied the stranger, "or the method of interpreting the Bible in its true and proper sense goes back to the reformation of the Catholic Church."

"History informs us when, where, and by whom the Lutheran, Episcopalian, Baptist, Presbyterian, Mormon, and other churches were founded. Does it give us any information about the establishment of the Catholic Church?" asked Pasqualino.

"Oh, yes," replied the stranger, "it was originally founded by Christ. But it gradually drifted into idolatry, and was reformed by Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII. They corrected its various abuses by introducing a belief based solely upon the pure, unadulterated gospel. That is what we call the Protestant or Evangelical Reformation."

"You admit," said Pasqualino, "that the Catholic Church was originally founded by Christ. It was therefore the work of God. How then could men improve upon or reform God's work?"

"He commissioned them to do it," replied the stranger somewhat testily.

"What proof have you that He commissioned them? True, God occasionally employed wicked men to punish His wayward children, but whenever there was question of reforming their morals, He invariably selected individuals conspicuous for their piety who preached, not so much by word of mouth, as by the force of their edifying example.

"The scandalous lives of these pseudo-reformers are so notorious as to be acknowledged even by Protestant historians. Did they perform any miracles to prove that God sent them to reform His Church?"

"It isn't known," replied the stranger, "that they performed any miracles."

"It is however, known," rejoined Pasqualino, "that they felt the necessity of at least attempting miracles in confirmation of their extraordinary mission.

"Just listen to a brief memorandum on the subject," continued Pasqualino as he drew forth a small note-book from his pocket and began to read:

"'A certain Thomas Munzer began to preach independently of the arch reformer. Enraged at Munzer's presumption, Luther said: Let the illustrious senate of Mulhausen summon Thomas Munzer before it, and if possible before the whole community, and let him be asked, who sent him or who authorized him to preach? If he claims to have been sent by God or the Spirit of God, then, like the Apostles of old, let him prove his assertion by signs and miracles. For when God wishes to deviate from the established order of things, He always accompanies the change with miracles. (Jena, II vol.) Luther overlooked the fact that his argument

against Munzer might equally be urged against himself and fellow reformers. For where were their credentials? By what prodigies did they establish their extraordinary mission? Staphyl, an eye witness, testified that upon one occasion Luther endeavored to expel an evil spirit from a girl possessed. His effort proved such a miserable failure that he was obliged to abandon the attempted exorcism in despair. According to Jerome Bolsec, also an eye witness, Calvin bribed an individual named Brule to feign death for the purpose of imposing upon the credulity of the spectators by apparently restoring him to life. The supposed corpse actually died during the impious performance, and remained dead notwithstanding the futile attempts of Calvin to resuscitate him. Erasmus speaking of the Lutherans declares that there never was one of them able to cure even a lame horse.' "

" My dear boy," exclaimed the stranger, " we should attend to what these great reformers said, and not to what they did."

" Certainly," rejoined Pasqualino, " in seeking truth we pay heed only to what a person says, and not to what he does. Do you think that a lecture on temperance from a drunkard, or an exhortation to purity from a libertine would produce much of an impression? No Episcopalian has yet dared to hold up Henry VIII as a

shining example of conjugal fidelity. Luther declared that he learned a great deal from the demon whom he invoked with the words: 'Holy Devil, pray for me.' Now if you follow these men, you also must have the devil for your master. Strange that people should criticize Catholics for praying to the saints, while they themselves invoke the devil!"

"My young friend," exclaimed the evangelist, "you are hardly old enough to understand these things. If you had just a little patience, I would explain everything to you clearly."

"I clearly understand that the founders of evangelism were self-appointed. They were not virtuous, but addicted to all kinds of vice. They wrought no miracle, but had the demon for instructor."

"Now, just a moment," shouted the evangelist. "Luther and Calvin were the reformers and not the founders of our belief. Our founder was Christ to Whom is due all honor and glory in heaven and earth forever."

"Please tell me," said Pasqualino, "how the doctrine taught by Christ and preached by the Apostles was transmitted to us. The Church of Christ must be one in doctrine, worship, and government. Catholics the world over may speak different languages, but they all have the same faith and moral law, and receive the same

sacraments. Your church, instead of being one, is divided into as many sects as there are members able to read. According to you, everyone can read and believe in the Bible what he likes. Hence each one can form a religion to suit his own taste. Your belief is not holy because its founders were not holy."

The evangelist was growing impatient. "We pay no attention," he retorted, "to the private lives of the reformers, but solely to Jesus Christ, the true founder of our church."

"But," insisted Pasqualino, "how do you prove that Christ established your church 1600 years after He ascended into heaven? Can you indicate a series of pastors who taught your doctrine from the time of Christ down to the appearance of Luther and Calvin?"

"Your objection," replied the evangelist, "is easily answered. In St. John's gospel we read that 'many things are not written down in this book.' Now among the 'unwritten things' I believe we must include the series of our pastors. Our doctrine was known in Apostolic times but remained hidden until the reformation when it was promulgated anew."

"I agree with you," said Pasqualino, "that it was known in the Apostolic times to Judas Iscariot and remained hidden in the devil's brain for 16 centuries. 'I laid the egg,' prophe-

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sied Erasmus, 'and Luther hatched it.' Your reformation sprang from the renaissance. It was simply a revival of pagan ideals rendered successful by the appeals which the reformers made to the vilest passions of human nature. Luther dispensed religious from their vows, sanctioned bigamy, and invited princes to confiscate church property. These tactics brought him more adherents than all the books he ever wrote."

"How can you prove that the Catholic was any more visible than the reformed church?" asked the evangelist.

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Pasqualino. "Changing the subject is a sign that you grant me the first point, viz., that Protestants can claim neither doctrinal unity nor Apostolic succession from the time of Christ down to the reformation. So you want proof that the Catholic Church is visible? That is indeed easy. For our Lord compared His Church to a great edifice built upon a rock, and St. Peter was to be the foundation stone. He compared it to a kingdom, to a vineyard, to a city set upon the mountain top that all might see it; to a light shining from a candlestick lighting all in the house. His Church was to be a visible organization spread throughout the whole world, a true body with many mem-

bers whose wondrous unity should be a proof to the world of the reality and truth of His divine message, 'that the world may know that thou hast sent me.'"

CHAPTER XI

UNITY

"WHEN you grow older and have had some experience," said the stranger, "you will realize that Protestants and Catholics agree in the fundamentals. You believe in one God and three divine Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that God the Son became man and died for our sins; that He will reward the good and punish the wicked. That is also the Protestant profession of faith. In fact they recite the Apostles' Creed just the same as you will find it in a Catholic prayer book."

"Do they really repeat the words: 'I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church?'" asked Pasqualino.

"Why certainly," replied the stranger.

"It is really too bad," rejoined Pasqualino, "that they fail to grasp the deep spiritual meaning of those two articles. Did it ever occur to you why they were so peculiarly arranged in the Apostles' Creed?"

"It did not," responded the stranger. "I do

not think that there can be any particular reason."

"Oh, yes, there is," insisted Pasqualino. "The eternal fitness of things required that to the Holy Ghost should be subjoined the Catholic Church, just as the house to the tenant, the body to the soul. Without the presence of the Holy Ghost the Church couldn't exist. In Him she lives, moves, and has her being. It is from this intimate union of the Holy Spirit with the Church that her unity, sanctity, perpetuity, infallibility, and in fact every one of her attributes is derived."

"All the Christian denominations," said the stranger, "claim the guidance of the Holy Spirit."

"Their claim proves nothing," replied Pasqualino, drawing a penknife from his pocket, and glancing furtively around to see if he were observed by a park policeman.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed the terrified evangelist, springing up from the bench, and seizing both wrists of Pasqualino in a vice-like grip.

"You have no reason to be frightened," said Pasqualino, who could not help laughing at the ludicrous situation. "I simply wish to illustrate my point."

The evangelist being convinced that no de-

signs to puncture his abdomen were really intended, relinquished his hold, and the youth, reaching up, severed a small twig from an overhanging bough. "Look," he continued, "this little branch is just like thousands of others up in the tree. Its leaves have the same shape and color. Do you notice any difference between this branch in my hand and the others above our heads?"

"Not a particle," replied the evangelist, somewhat amused.

"Well, there *is* a difference," said Pasqualino. "The branches up there are firmly attached to the tree from which they draw their sap and nourishment. They will continue to flourish and eventually bear fruit. Take this tiny twig home with you and look at it to-morrow. You will then discover how rapidly its leaves wither and decay. Likewise in the body of man it may happen that a member be cut off. Does the soul follow the severed member? While united to the body, it was alive; cut off, its life is lost. Thus we are members of Christ's mystic body, the Church, so long as we remain united in faith, in worship, and in government. Through schism or heresy we are cut off just the same as this unfortunate twig here in my hand. The Holy Ghost doesn't follow a member severed from the Church any more than the soul follows an ampu-

tated hand or foot. Whether it be one unfortunate person here or there, or even a whole nation which is thus torn off, the result is practically the same. They are without spiritual life, because severed from the Church which is the living organism of the Holy Ghost. 'We being many, are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another.' (Rom. xii, 5.) 'For in one Spirit were we all baptised into one body.'" (I Cor. xii, 13.)

"I think," said the evangelist, "that the Church is invisibly one, but visibly separated into branches, such as the Roman Catholic, Greek and Anglican churches."

"You think an absurdity. Your theory is an insult to the Holy Ghost," replied Pasqualino. "The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of truth and not of falsehood. If He really resided in the three so-called branches, it would be impossible for them to teach contradictory doctrines. A soul cannot animate two bodies, nor can two rival churches each possess the indwelling guiding presence of the Holy Spirit."

"All the branches of the Church agree in essentials," said the stranger. "So what difference does it make if they happen to differ in minor details?"

"When our Lord commanded His Apostles to preach the Gospel to every creature," replied

Pasqualino, "He made no distinction between essentials and non-essentials. They were not at liberty to expound just those portions of His gospel which might please popular fancy, because they were ordered to teach all things whatsoever He commanded. He wanted them to preach to all nations one and the same doctrine, to administer everywhere the same means of salvation, and to enforce universal obedience to the same divine authority. He established but one true Church for the whole human race."

"Do you know where any two individuals can be found believing exactly the same things?" asked the evangelist.

"Oh, yes," promptly rejoined Pasqualino. "In the Catholic Church you can find 250 million members not only believing exactly the same doctrines, but also receiving the same sacraments and rendering obedience to the same spiritual head. They are all as intimately united to one visible chief as the members of the human body are united to the head. The faithful of each parish are subject to their immediate pastor. Each pastor is subordinate to his bishop, and every bishop of Christendom acknowledges the universal jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter and the visible head of the Church. This admirable unity of faith, cult, and authority, which is a distinctive mark of the

religious society established by Christ, cannot be found outside the Catholic Church. The Episcopalian communion is subdivided into Low and Ritualistic or High Church. Some of these claim that there are seven sacraments, others have reduced the number to two. Anabaptists assert that infant baptism is altogether unnecessary. The Unitarian denies the Divinity of Christ, and the Universalist repudiates the existence of hell. Then we have the shouting Methodist, the hard-shell bigoted Baptist, and the friendly Quaker all differing in their creed. According to the Quaker, it behooveth us to quake, for doesn't the Bible exhort us 'to work out our salvation in fear and trembling'? Imagine the conglomeration of religious notions, were we to compare the hundreds of sects differing from each other in the interpretation of the Bible, and claiming to be guided by the Holy Spirit!"

"Amid such confusion," exclaimed the evangelist, "what chance have we to discover the one true Church?"

"Every chance in the world," replied Pasqualino. "The Catholic is the only church endowed with unmistakable unity of faith, worship, and government. She alone has this distinctive mark by which she may easily be recognized among all sects, creeds, and religions, as the sheepfold under one shepherd, the house

built upon a rock against which not even the powers of hell should ever prevail, the spouse of Christ, the kingdom of heaven upon earth." Pasqualino had spoken in such an eloquent, convincing manner as to completely stagger his opponent. The latter remained silent for several moments, not knowing what answer to make in return. The thought of being silenced by the unanswerable logic of a mere stripling whose Catholic faith he had purposely started out to destroy, was indeed galling. At length he said: "My young friend, you have still a great many things to learn." "On that point we agree perfectly," retorted Pasqualino. "What I don't know, would fill a library. That is why I am still attending college. But there are others—"

"It will take," interrupted the evangelist, "more than empty declamation and rhetoric to convince me that the Catholic Church, with its history of glaring abuses, has any real claim to the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit."

"I would gladly discuss the subject with you, but unfortunately have no more time at my disposal. Let us reserve it for our conversation next Thursday."

Then picking up the tiny branch which he had severed from the tree, he offered it to the evangelist, with the remark: "Take this little twig home with you, and see whether you can make it grow."

CHAPTER XII

SANCTITY

PASQUALINO had a busy week. In addition to the daily preparation for his class work, he devoted every spare moment to the study of Christian doctrine. So thoroughly posted had he become on the four marks of the Church that the following Thursday found him bright and early in the park, impatiently waiting for the arrival of his adversary. The latter had not been idle. He scoured the book-stores until he discovered what he wanted, viz., a vile publication edited by a squeaky-voiced, excommunicated soggarth who paraded the unfortunate offspring of his infamous liaison before the audience when lecturing against the Church. He had the hardihood to return to Cork where, instead of being welcomed by a brass band, he was chased and hooted through the streets by a crowd of angry citizens who kept ringing a cowbell at his heels until he was finally rescued by the police. His book was a tissue of abominable diatribes against popes, bishops, priests, and nuns. With such a

formidable weapon the proselytizer felt confident of victory.

"Good morning!" he said to Pasqualino, whom he met near the conservatory.

"I have brought along a publication which, I think, ought to interest you. Listen to this," he continued, opening the book and commencing to read. Scarcely had he read two lines when Pasqualino raised his hands to his ears and retreated in disgust. "Good day," he shouted. "You can deposit that filth with the scavenger. For me it has no attraction."

Flushed with anger at the well merited rebuff, the proselytizer advanced within a few feet of him and exclaimed: "No wonder that you are unwilling to hear a few facts; they might expose your holy church in all its ugliness."

"Your collection of moral garbage by a scandal monger and character assassin, even granting for the sake of argument that all he said were true, would not invalidate the Church's title to holiness. 'It must be that scandals come, but woe to him by whom the scandal cometh.' Our Lord expressly foretold that His Church would contain many unworthy members. For He compared her to a net cast into the sea, and gathering together all kinds of fish, bad as well as good. He likened her to a field containing weeds as well as grain. The spots on the sun do not di-

minish his effulgence, nor does the cockle amidst the wheat impair the beauty of the golden harvest. St. Paul styles the church of Corinth a congregation of saints, yet in the very same epistle he reproves some scandalous member among them. Since holiness of life is arduous and opposed to the strongest inclinations of our corrupt nature, we should not wonder if the Church fails to attain her end in a great many cases. Bad members follow their sinful passions and not her teachings. They neglect to employ the means she affords them for their sanctification. I am perfectly willing to discuss any religious topic so long as the line of argument be kept within the bounds of propriety. But my self-respect and sense of decency forbid me to listen to the vile stuff you started to read."

"Very well," rejoined the proselytizer, perceiving further insistence futile. "I shall content myself by asking a few questions. Can you suggest any plausible reason why the Catholic Church should usurp the title—'holy'?"

"She doesn't usurp, but lawfully claims the title—'holy,'" replied Pasqualino, "because, in the words of the catechism, her founder Jesus Christ is holy, because she teaches a holy doctrine, invites all to a holy life; and because of the eminent holiness of so many thousands of her children. It was for the sanctification of

His Church that our Lord suffered and died upon the cross. 'Christ also loved the church and delivered Himself up for it; that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life.' She is the mystic body of which Christ is the head, and the Holy Ghost is the vivifying principle. Without the Holy Spirit she could not exist. In Him she lives, moves, and has her being. For this reason our Lord, shortly before His ascension, promised to send the Paraclete to abide with His Church forever in order to guide her in the way of holiness and truth. It is from this intimate union with the Holy Spirit that all her attributes and prerogatives emanate — her unity, sanctity, perpetuity, and infallibility. This is what distinguishes her among all sects, creeds, and religions, and makes her the divinely appointed channel of all God's graces to men."

"I never noticed anything particularly holy in Catholic doctrines," remarked the evangelist. "Most of them are medieval superstitions."

"They belong to the supernatural order and consequently have little attraction for those engrossed in the gratification of their passions," responded Pasqualino.

"What do you understand by holiness?" asked the evangelist.

"Freedom from filth and union with God," re-

plied Pasqualino. "The greater the immunity from the former, the closer the union with Him Who is essentially holy. Cleanliness is next to godliness. So long as the mind and heart remain inordinately attached to the world they cannot be holy, just as gold and silver cannot be pure when mixed with lead or baser metals. In order that the term sanctity may be truthfully applied to a church, it must be holy in origin, principles and means which it employs for the attainment of its end. No church can be called holy if it has even one vicious principle or doctrine. Good comes from an integral cause, and evil can proceed from any kind of a defect. Of course a few just members may be found in a church teaching false doctrines. Their goodness is not the result of the church's influence. Hence it cannot be called a holy church on account of the good that happens in it by accident."

"Which doctrines of the Catholic Church do you consider productive of holiness?" asked the evangelist.

"All of them without exception," replied Pasqualino. "The charity which she exhorts all her members to practise is far superior to the humanitarian philanthropy of the world. For it embraces foes as well as friends. Humility or a candid appreciation of personal unworthiness is practically unknown among the sects,

which regard it as altogether incompatible with this wonderful age of progress. A life of celibacy, penance, and mortification is most repugnant to all the impulses of our fallen nature. Yet such a life has been embraced by thousands of Catholics from the dawn of Christianity down to the present day. When holiness of life is exemplified in a heroic degree it is usually accompanied by miracles. Our Lord promised that the prodigies which His followers should perform, would be no less amazing than those wrought by Himself."

"Everything that you have said regarding the Catholic Church," remarked the evangelist, "may be asserted of the Protestant denominations."

"Oh, no, not with any semblance of truth," retorted Pasqualino. "All Protestant sects are man-made, and their founders were certainly not conspicuous for sanctity. Why, Protestant historians try to excuse their scandalous conduct on the plea that the age in which they lived was very coarse."

"Well," insisted the proselytizer, "although their personal morals may have been rather loose, their doctrines were all right."

"Their doctrines," rejoined Pasqualino, "instead of being conducive to sanctity, were the greatest incentives to pride, avarice, and sensuality. Their initial act was religious anarchy,

for they substituted the private judgment of each individual for the divinely established authority of the Church. Justification by faith alone eliminates every motive for the practice of good works. Luther declared that no sin except unbelief can cause damnation; that man is justified by faith alone without anything else. By faith he understands a mere reliance on Christ for pardon. That repentance, love of God, of our neighbor, and other good works are not only useless but even hurtful to justification. In his book on Slave Will he denied that man possessed moral freedom. Calvin asserted that God is the author of sin and at the same time its avenger; that there is no falling from divine grace, but that once in grace always in grace, no matter how grievous the sins one might afterwards commit. He also maintained that God has consigned some men, independently of their acts and without any fault of their own, to everlasting perdition. Every Protestant denomination has sanctioned the gangrene of divorce, which undermines the family and flagrantly violates our Lord's express prohibition. How can any candid Protestant have the courage to affirm that such doctrines are conducive to holiness?"

"Many Protestant churches have the sacraments just the same as the Catholics," said the evangelist.

"Oh, no, they haven't," replied Pasqualino. "A few of the sacraments, such as Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, and Penance may be found in a mutilated form among certain sects. They never received any authorization from Christ to administer them. The sacraments cannot be regarded as a means of sanctification unless they be worthily received and properly administered. The same may be said of the Bible. We believe it to be divinely inspired, and useful for teaching, correcting, and instructing in justice. But it cannot be a means of sanctification merely as a dead letter. It can only benefit us when explained and interpreted in its true sense by the Church appointed by Christ as its custodian and lawful interpreter. The mere fact of possessing a good thing proves nothing in many cases unless that the possessor happens to retain something which doesn't really belong to him."

"Well," demanded the evangelist, "if the Catholic Church has such an exclusive monopoly of holy doctrines and means of sanctification, how does it happen that we find so many good people among Protestants?"

"That is easily answered," replied Pasqualino. "They are good in spite of their Protestantism, and not as a result of it. 'A bad tree cannot produce good fruit.' They do not carry out their false principles to their legitimate conclu-

sions. They follow rather the dictates of natural sense of right and wrong, and fortunately adhere to certain portions of Catholic faith still surviving among them. The Catholic Church alone is entitled to the distinguishing mark of sanctity. She is the greatest moral force in the world to-day. She inculcates respect for authority. In time of national peril you will always find her children in the front exposing their lives in defense of their country. Divorce, which threatens to undermine the State, she forbids to the capitalist just as well as to the laborer. In the confessional, that much abused and slandered institution, the plutocrat is bound to restore ill-gotten goods, just as well as the indigent and outcast. She is the church of the toiling masses, and in accordance with the prediction of her Divine Founder, the poor she has always with her to whom she preaches the gospel."

CHAPTER XIII

CATHOLICITY

"WHAT right has your church to call herself Catholic?" asked the proselytizer. "Romish or Popish would be a far more appropriate title."

"Sneers and opprobrious epithets," retorted Pasqualino, "assume the importance of arguments in the estimation of only the ignorant, usually declaring him victor who succeeds in applying the vilest name to his opponent. The Church has a right to call herself Catholic because she subsists in all ages, teaches all nations, and maintains all truth. She is Catholic in time, place, and doctrine. Catholic in time is simply another way of designating her indefectibility and perpetuity, viz.: that the Church as Christ founded it will last till the end of time. Catholicity of doctrine naturally follows from unity of faith. Everywhere she both believes and teaches all the doctrines, and administers all the means of sanctification established by Christ. In claiming the Church to be Catholic in place, we imply

that she is not restricted to a portion of the earth or to a few nationalities, like the Oriental sects, Judaism, Mahomedanism, or Protestantism, but that she is actually diffused over the whole earth, and counts her children among all nations."

"Do you think that there are many Catholics in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, or Scotland?" asked the proselytizer.

"Not so many as among other nationalities," rejoined Pasqualino. "Our Lord did not predict that His Church must exist simultaneously in all parts of the globe. Heresies were predicted and they exclude physical universality. 'There shall be a time when they shall not endure sound doctrine; but according to their own desires they will heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and will indeed turn their hearing away from truth, but will be turned unto fables.'" (Tim. ii, 4-3.)

"It is quality and not quantity that counts," said the proselytizer. "If Christ intended His Church to have the universality that you claim, He never would have designated it by diminutive terms. 'Fear not, little flock,' He exclaimed, 'for it hath pleased your Father to give you a kingdom.'" (Luke xii, 32.)

"Our Lord," replied Pasqualino, "addressed those words exclusively to the Apostles who were certainly few in number. Even granting that He

referred to all His followers, they were at that time few and indeed a little flock, when compared to the number of unbelievers. Adam and Eve were the only persons created life-size. The rest of us are born babies and must gradually develop into manhood. We don't claim actual universality for the Church in her infancy."

"But," insisted the proselytizer, "if Catholicity be an essential and distinguishing mark of the Church, she could never be without it. Yet Christ declared that at the end of the world very few believers will be found."

"We only claim for the Church of Christ," answered Pasqualino, "the extension of catholicity which He promised — no more and no less. The nature of that promise we learn from Holy Scripture. If the inspired writings indicate that she shall be considerably diminished during the time of Antichrist, that doesn't destroy her catholicity. In fact the fulfillment of the prophecy is a confirmation of her divine origin."

"The Bible says nothing about the Church becoming Catholic," commented the proselytizer.

"I am afraid that you never read it very attentively," replied Pasqualino. "The Church's destination for actual extension was repeatedly indicated by her Divine Founder. 'Going therefore teach ye *all* nations. Go ye into the *whole*

world and preach the gospel to *every* creature.' The prophets represent the kingdom of Christ, viz.: the Church as embracing *all* the nations of the earth. 'He shall rule from sea to sea. All the kings of the earth shall adore Him. All nations shall serve Him.' (Ps. lxxi.) The Lord hath said to me: 'Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession.' The prophet foreshadowed the universality of the Church when he wrote: 'From the rising of the sun even to the going down my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice and there is offered to my name a clean oblation.' Our Savior predicted that His gospel would be preached to every creature. Speaking of Mary Magdalen when she bathed His feet with her tears, dried them with her hair, and anointed them with balsam and precious ointments, He declared: 'Amen I say to you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the *whole* world, that also which she hath done, shall be told for a memory of her.' Before His ascension, He said: 'You shall be witnesses to me in Jerusalem and Samaria and even to the uttermost part of the earth.'"

"Protestant churches," asserted the prosely-

tizer, "have their missionaries in every part of the globe. Hence they are just as universal as your church."

"Yes," rejoined Pasqualino, "in every part of the globe where there is little or no danger to fear from climate or natives. They are usually accompanied by wives and families. It would never do to expose the ladies and little ones to privation and hardship. Among them you will never find a Father Damien who a few years ago sacrificed his life in caring for the leper colony of Molokai.

"The expenditure of money on their foreign missions is enormous while the results obtained are insignificant. Contrast their converts at home with those of the Catholic Church. Their most distinguished members have entered the 'one true fold,' while apostate Catholics are usually intemperate, disreputable characters, noxious weeds cast out of the Pope's garden."

"Well, I fail to see," said the proselytizer, "how mere multitudes can prove the divine origin of a religion. Buddhism then must be divine because its adherents far outnumber the Christians."

"If the 250 million members of the Catholic Church," replied Pasqualino, "were crowded into one corner of the earth, like the Buddhists in Asia, and belonged to one race, one national-

ity, the name Catholic would be a misnomer. The note of Catholicity lies in the fact that the large membership of the one true Church is not confined to the Turkish, Russian, or any other empire, but comprises many different nationalities, characters of opposite temperaments, tastes, and customs. Thus we see realized in the Catholic Church the prophecy of Isaias: 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf, the lion and the sheep shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them.'" (xi, 7.)

"If your Church," exclaimed the proselytizer, "be composed of so many different nationalities, her name—'Roman Catholic,' is a contradiction in terms, because Roman is indicative of a single city."

"The term—'Roman Church,'" responded Pasqualino, "may be misunderstood, if its origin be not clearly kept in mind. The Church of Christ is essentially one. It is therefore sufficiently denoted by the simple expression — THE CHURCH, just as we speak of the sun or the moon. But men began claiming the name of Church for other organizations. Hence to avoid equivocation, other expressions were introduced to distinguish the one true Church from her rivals. 'Whether they wish or no,' says St. Augustine, 'heretics have to call the Catholic

Church, Catholic. Although they all wish to be styled Catholic, yet if anyone asks where is the Catholic place of worship, none of them would venture to point out his own conventicle.' Since the reformation the term Roman has been used to designate the one true Church, because its members alone are in communion with Rome, the centre of unity. Hence the appellation — Roman, instead of restricting the universality of the Church, calls attention to her unity of faith and government. Ours is the only Church officially known throughout the universe as Catholic. She alone is 'that city seated on a mountain, the city that cannot be hid,' as predicted by the prophets. She therefore must be the institution to which the Apostles referred when in their Creed they penned the words: 'I believe in the Holy, Catholic Church.'"

CHAPTER XIV

APOSTOLICITY

"I ADMIT," said the evangelist, "that the Church founded by Christ must be one holy, and Catholic. The arguments which you have adduced in support of these three notes are very cogent. Anyone undertaking to refute them will have a difficult task."

"There is another characteristic feature of the one true Church," remarked Pasqualino, "just as essential as the three we have already discussed."

"Which one is that?" asked the evangelist.

"Apostolicity which, in a general sense, is not really distinct from the notes and attributes of the Church, but rather their continual and permanent existence," replied Pasqualino. "That church alone is apostolic which can be identified with the one founded by Christ upon the Apostles and governed by their lawful successors."

"You surely do not mean identified, but similar to the Apostolic Church," suggested the evangelist.

"Oh, yes, I mean *identified,* and not merely *similar,*" rejoined Pasqualino. "It was the similarity and not the identity of the Antipholuses and Dromios that caused the comedy of errors. In order to avoid similar mistakes the one true Church must have identically the same origin, the same doctrine, and the same Apostolic succession. In fact apostolic succession presupposes and implies apostolic origin and doctrine. The word apostle signifies 'a person sent with commands.' Bishops can be truthfully called Apostolic heirs or successors only in so far as they inherit from the Apostles their legacy of faith, their power of teaching and ruling the Church. The Apostles were mortal men subject to death the same as the rest of us. Yet they received a perpetual mission which was to be carried on by their successors until the end of time. It is this hereditary succession or mission inherited by the bishops from the Apostles that constitutes a visible mark of the one, true Church."

"The schismatic Greek and Anglican bishops," said the evangelist, "are successors of the Apostles. Hence they have just as much apostolic succession as Catholic bishops."

"Oh, no, they haven't," responded Pasqualino. "Leo XIII declared the Anglican orders invalid in his famous bull 'Apostolicae Curae.' In the Apostolic successor two things must be consid-

ered: consecration and mission. Hence the two-fold power of orders and jurisdiction. The power of orders can never be lost. The priestly and episcopal character remains in the soul forever like the indelible spiritual mark of Baptism and Confirmation. Those acts performed by the power of orders are always valid. An excommunicated or suspended priest although sacrilegiously celebrating Mass, would validly consecrate. An heretical or schismatic bishop could validly consecrate another bishop, provided he observed the matter and form of the sacrament and had the intention of doing what the Church does. Jurisdiction however can be lost, and the juridical acts unlawfully performed are null and void. A deposed bishop or priest in ordinary circumstances does not possess the faculty to absolve, which would be an act of jurisdiction. Should either one attempt to do so, the absolution would be worthless. A schismatic bishop cannot impart jurisdiction, for no one can give what he does not possess. Jurisdiction is enjoyed only by those in communion with the centre of unity, the visible head of the Church. A person refusing to adhere to the centre of unity, ceases to be a member of Christ's mystic body. He is outside the Church. Those on the outside have certainly no authority to rule or govern the Church."

"So long as the Protestant ministers preach the Gospel of Christ," said the evangelist, "they impart apostolic doctrine, and that is all the apostolic succession they require."

"St. Paul doesn't think so," rejoined Pasqualino. "'Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was.' In this passage he evidently condemns all self-appointed preachers and reformers. 'How can they preach unless they be sent?' he asks, and sent by legitimate authority? Notwithstanding this inspired prohibition, you will find even woman revivalists preaching in Methodist and other meeting houses with the sanction of the church elders. Imagine an individual presenting himself at the Court of St. James, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, and assuming the rôle of American consul or ambassador without brief or credentials from the U. S. Government, what kind of a reception would he get?"

"A rather chilly one," answered the evangelist.

"Everybody would justly regard him," continued Pasqualino, "as either an impostor or a lunatic. Likewise no man should usurp the office of ambassador or minister of Christ, unless divinely commissioned, unless he received his ministerial power of orders and jurisdiction from the chosen twelve Apostles or their lawful successors."

"Since apostolicity," said the evangelist, "consists in doctrinal and not in ministerial succession, it is a mark that all Christian denominations have in common."

"But it doesn't consist exclusively in doctrinal succession," rejoined Pasqualino. "We cannot have the same faith taught by the Apostles except through an unbroken chain of Apostolic teachers. 'Faith cometh by hearing. How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they are sent?'" (Rom. x.)

"If all Christian churches claim to be Apostolic," persisted the evangelist, "how can we ever ascertain which one of them is really entitled to our belief?"

"By carefully examining their claims and adhering to that one alone which is Apostolic in origin, faith, and ministry," responded Pasqualino. "All the Protestant churches, without a single exception, are of comparatively recent birth. They sprang into existence 1,600 years after Our Lord's ascension into heaven. He can therefore say to them: 'I know you not.' Their very names betray their origin. They are buildings erected upon a foundation different from the one laid by Jesus Christ. That the Catholic Church was founded by Christ upon the Apostles is admitted by all Protestants

with any pretensions to scholarship. She certainly has an Apostolic ministry."

"To me it doesn't appear so certain," commented the evangelist.

"Well, kindly let me make it clear to you," said Pasqualino. "The history of the primitive church proves that the Apostolic successors were not self-appointed, but received their ministerial faculties through imposition of hands. 'When they (Paul and Barnabas) had ordained to them priests in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord.' (Acts xiv, 22.) In his Epistle to Titus St. Paul declares: 'For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee.' Even St. Paul himself, though miraculously called, was directed to Ananias, who imparted to him the Holy Ghost through the imposition of hands, lest others should be tempted by his example to preach without apostolic authorization."

"How can you prove that popes and bishops are really Apostolic successors?" asked the evangelist.

"The pope," replied Pasqualino, "is the lawful successor of St. Peter, and consequently the visible head of the Church. Why? Because to St. Peter alone our Lord gave universal jurisdiction over His Church. Because St. Peter first

established the Church in the city of Rome. If then the Roman See be truly apostolic and the centre of unity, every diocese in union with Rome must also be Apostolic. Every bishop therefore can trace his lineage back to the Apostles, just as the most remote branch of a vine can be followed back to the main stem. The present gloriously reigning Pius X, Bishop of Rome, is the successor of Leo XIII; he succeeded Pius IX, who came after Gregory XVI. And thus we can go back century after century to the time when Our Lord said to Peter: 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Like St. Luke tracing our Lord's genealogy back to Adam and to God, so the Apostolic succession of the present pontiff can be followed back to Peter and to Christ."

"What about the doctrine of the Apostles?" asked the evangelist. "Do you really believe that they taught Papal infallibility, indulgences, invocation of saints, the Immaculate Conception, and all those other monstrous innovations which the Roman Church has added to the original deposit of faith?"

Poor Pasqualino was totally unprepared for such an onslaught and the color began to mount in his cheeks. After some hesitation and with an effort to hide his embarrassment he said:

"Really I haven't time to give a complete answer to that question to-day, as I must go home. Later on we can examine each one of those so-called additions in detail. I think that I shall be able to prove that, instead of being new articles of faith, they are doctrines implicitly contained either in the Bible or in Apostolic traditions. We can discuss them next Thursday. Addio."

CHAPTER XV

VISIBLE HEAD OF THE CHURCH

"THAT was a narrow escape," thought Pasqualino, as he wended his way through the park to his uncle's house. The discussion would have become rather embarrassing had it lasted much longer, for he was totally unprepared to answer the questions proposed by the evangelist. He firmly resolved to be fully equipped for the next encounter. With his talent for languages Pasqualino experienced little difficulty in preparing the Latin and Greek exercises for his daily class work. He had, therefore, plenty of time to devote to the study of apologetics. So absorbed did he become in the defense of doctrinal points which he deemed liable to future attack that he could scarcely think or speak of anything else. From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. In recreation with his companions he ingeniously diverted the topic of their conversation from batting averages and relative merits of base ball clubs to the solution of the theological problems besetting his

mind. Do not imagine that our youthful hero had any aversion to play — which, indeed, would be altogether abnormal in a lad of his age. No student was fonder of it than Pasqualino. He had, however, very decided tastes in the selection of his amusements as well as of his studies. Be it said to his discredit that never would he have shed a tear had algebra, trigonometry and calculus been eliminated from the college course. Neither cards nor pool appealed to him, for they were the popular games of saloon frequenters. This peculiar notion he probably derived from Zi Pre', for whom billiards was not merely a pastime but an emotion with which he strove to imbue the altar boys. The directors of the quondam flourishing Columbus Club presented the priest with a regulation sized table upon which the famous "wizard of the cue," Jake Schaefer, had once given an exhibition of fancy shots. It was installed in the largest room of the rectory and upon it Pasqualino was occasionally allowed to practice. He soon became quite an adept in the follow, draw and dead ball. The massé shot he never mastered, which even to attempt would have been felonious. If there were to be any punctures of the cloth Zi Pre' was fully competent to make them himself. Outdoor sports had for Pasqualino a still greater attraction, such as skating, horseback riding and swim-

ming. But he never made a toil of his pleasures and used them judiciously as a break in the monotony of his intellectual pursuits. It was about the middle of June, and the weather had become quite sultry. The following Thursday found Pasqualino at the Diversey bathing beach an hour ahead of time in order to enjoy a refreshing swim before entering the arena of polemics. After he had been in the water for about twenty minutes, he swam out to the diving platform which he nimbly mounted and sprawled out at full length on the top of it for a sun bath. Very few had taken advantage of the beach at that hour. Looking towards the land he espied his evangelical friend standing near the water's edge and watching him intently. "Surely he cannot recognize me in a bathing suit from that distance," thought Pasqualino. He did not relish a dive from the height of twenty feet, for he imagined that the sensation produced would be somewhat akin to falling several stories through the shaft of an elevator. Yet what could he do? There was that evangelist scrutinizing him from the shore, and how cowardly it would look if he crawled down the ladder again to the water's surface! Human respect triumphed. He walked out boldly to the end of the springboard, as if it were a daily occurrence. Hesitating a moment to utter a fervent ejaculation that his

neck might not be broken, he dived in and headed for the shore.

"Why, how do you do!" he exclaimed, as he landed on the beach. "I did not think that you would come so early. Please wait for me until I am dried and dressed. It won't take more than ten minutes." Whereupon Pasqualino passed through the turnstile and proceeded to his locker. It did not take him long to don his clothes. After he emerged and joined his friend, the latter remarked: "I am now fully convinced that you are really a doctor of diveinity."

"Thank you for the compliment," laughed Pasqualino, "I am merely a tyro. I do wish that you would meet our parish priest. He could certainly answer all your objections."

"My dear young friend," commented the evangelist, "I do not think that even he could improve upon the arguments you advanced against the reformation at our last meeting. They have set me to thinking. Whom do you regard as the head of your Church?"

"The invisible head of the Church," said Pasqualino, "is its founder, Jesus Christ. Before His ascension into Heaven He sent the Apostles to preach His gospel, with the assurance that He would assist them from Heaven until the end of time. 'Behold, I am with you all days

until the consummation of the world.' The visible head of the Church was St. Peter and the uninterrupted line of popes who succeeded him down to the present gloriously reigning pontiff, Pius X."

"Poor deluded Catholics," exclaimed the evangelist. "Why do they wrong thus the Savior, as if He couldn't rule the Church from Heaven, and needed someone to take His place on earth!"

"Oh, don't feel so bad about it," begged Pasqualino. "When God establishes a thing, we have no right to whine or complain why He did it, but simply to ascertain what He did. He might have converted the whole world by a single act of His omnipotent will, but He preferred to make St. Peter the head of His Church. It was therefore necessary to let St. Peter have a successor as head of that institution."

"But," insisted the evangelist, "doesn't God alone suffice to govern His Church? What need is there of human help when we have divine assistance?"

"It sounds as if you merely wish to quibble," rejoined Pasqualino. "The manner in which God established His Church demands a visible head. In the gospel the Church is compared to a great family which in every age must receive all those wishing to join it. The Church is es-

sentially one, and without a governing head the members would be speedily separated into sects the same as Protestantism. The Church is holy, but how could the members of every tribe and nation preserve sanctity of doctrine and morals without a visible head which in the name of God and with His assistance distinguishes truth from error, vice from virtue? The Church is Catholic or universal, but how could the members scattered over the earth unite in the same faith, cult and sacraments if there was lacking a head to bind them together? The Church is Apostolic, but how could she ever be recognized as such without a visible successor and custodian of the truths inherited from the Apostles?"

"What you say," replied the evangelist, "proves that our Lord made St. Peter the head of the Church; but after he and the other Apostles died, the gospel had been preached throughout the world. Hence there was no further need of a visible head or of a successor to St. Peter."

"From what I said," rejoined Pasqualino, "two things necessarily follow: Christ founded a Church that should last until the end of time, and as head of that Church He appointed St. Peter who should govern it during his whole life. Since the Church was destined to continue after St. Peter's death, a successor was needed

to govern it. The nation is not made for the ruler, but the ruler is appointed to govern the nation and keep it from going to pieces. Likewise, the Church was not established for the benefit of the Pope, but he is elected to rule the Church, and so long as it lasts there will be a visible head called the Pope. Do you think that the family should govern the head of the house, or vice versa?"

"Undoubtedly the head of the house was made to govern the family," responded the evangelist.

"And how long should there be a head to rule the family?" asked Pasqualino.

"As long as the family exists, otherwise it would disintegrate," replied the evangelist.

"And when the head of the family dies?" continued Pasqualino.

"Then," rejoined the evangelist, "the eldest son, if he amounts to anything, or some other competent member becomes the head of the family."

"But imagine a family destined to last until the end of time; how could it be best preserved?"

"By having a good head to govern it," answered the evangelist.

"I hope," ventured Pasqualino, "that you perceive who this head and family are."

"Oh, I see them clearly enough," replied the evangelist. "It is a strong argument in favor of the Catholic Church considered as a great family. I used to believe it when a Catholic; but since joining the Evangelical church I think it a great mistake to regard the Pope as the successor of St. Peter. Nobody can prove it. I have asked that question a dozen times and have never received a satisfactory answer."

"Well, listen to me patiently," said Pasqualino, "while I try to give you one. You have already admitted two things, viz.: that our Lord appointed St. Peter the head of His Church, and that St. Peter after his death should be succeeded by another visible head in the government of the Church."

"Just a moment," interposed the evangelist. "Quote a single text proving that St. Peter lived and died in Rome."

"I shall," rejoined Pasqualino, "after you have indicated a single text proving that the Lord's Day was changed from the Jewish Sabbath to Sunday. A great many things occurred in the Apostolic age that are not recorded in the Bible. How do you account for the universal belief of Christendom in the facts that St. Peter was Rome's first Bishop; that he first converted the Romans, and that in Rome he suffered martyrdom? In his letter to the Romans St. Paul

declared that 'their faith was spoken of in the whole world.' If St. Peter did not convert them, who did?"

"In his letter to the Romans, why did not St. Paul convey his greetings to St. Peter, if he were really their Bishop?" asked the evangelist.

"That," said Pasqualino, "is at best a negative argument and cannot be urged as a refutation of facts asserted by positive evidence. In his letter to the Ephesians we find no greetings to St. John, Bishop of Ephesus, nor in the Epistle to the Hebrews do we discover any salutations to St. James, Bishop of Jerusalem. Would you, therefore, conclude that St. John and St. James were not Bishops of the cities mentioned? We must attach more importance to the testimony of a few reliable persons asserting a fact than to the silence of a hundred individuals who do not deny what the witnesses assert. All historians, heretical as well as Catholic, admit the marvelous succession of Roman Pontiffs from St. Peter down to the present Pope. If there be any difference of opinion among them, it doesn't concern the facts of St. Peter's sojourn and martyrdom in Rome, but the exact time in which those events occurred. If you wish to be thoroughly convinced, come over to Guardian Angel Mission next Thursday morning and get our Pastor's views on the sub-

ject. He is much better qualified than I to impart information."

With this final injunction Pasqualino started homeward.

CHAPTER XVI

INFALLIBILITY

"HERE he comes!" exclaimed Pasqualino one Thursday morning, as he peered through the rectory window and espied his friend, the evangelist, at the gate. The latter, after some hesitation, entered the yard and proceeded up the cement walk to the front door already opened by Pasqualino who stood upon the threshold to welcome him. "Come right in!" said the young man to him encouragingly. "I know that the priest will be glad to see you."

The evangelist owned that his last reception at the rectory was not over-enthusiastic.

"Walk in!" shouted the priest, rising from his desk and proceeding to the door to greet his visitor. "If I mistake not, the last time you called here was on a Sunday afternoon and you found me preoccupied with the closing of the Mission."

"Well, I came this morning," ventured the evangelist, "at the urgent request of this young man who claims that you are a walking encyclo-

pædia and fully able to solve any difficulty I may propose."

"Quite a flattering compliment," rejoined Zi Pre'. "Pasqualino has certainly no small opinion of his pastor's ability. In case of failure to solve your difficulties you may safely ascribe it to my lack of knowledge, and not to any dearth of reasons which may easily be found in any standard work of Catholic theology. Please sit down and make yourself at home."

Pasqualino took the stranger's hat to hang upon the hall tree, while the latter planted himself comfortably in a Morris chair near the window.

"What seems to be your chief difficulty?" asked the priest.

"Oh, it isn't one, but a hundred of them," avowed the evangelist. "I don't believe in papal infallibility, purgatory, invocation of saints, indulgences, immaculate concep—"

"You needn't complete the list," interrupted the priest, "otherwise we may not have time to finish. Just let us take up your difficulties, one by one, and thus avoid confusion. Do you believe that the present Pope Benedict XV is the successor of St. Peter?"

"Oh, I grant that he lawfully succeeded St. Peter," replied the evangelist, "but that is no reason why he should be clothed with a divine

attribute. God alone is infallible. To err is human, and the Pope is subject to human frailties the same as the rest of men."

"God alone is essentially infallible," said the priest, "just as He alone is essentially good, wise and holy. There is nothing to prevent Him from communicating His goodness, wisdom, holiness and other perfections in various degrees to His creatures as He thinks fit and proper. The present Pope is no more prone to human frailties than his predecessor St. Peter and the other Apostles. Don't you regard them as infallible?"

"Having been chosen directly by our Lord Himself," rejoined the evangelist, "they were inspired men, and altogether different from their successors."

"Did our Lord command us to believe His gospel, or did he not?" asked the priest.

"I have no trouble in believing His gospel," answered the evangelist. "My difficulty is believing in popes and bishops who are fallible men like myself."

"You assume the same attitude," commented the priest, "as the individual asserting: 'I believe in the constitution of the United States, but I place no confidence in the decisions of the Supreme Court, because they are rendered by citizens like myself.' The teaching body of the

Church is composed of the Pope, bishops, and priests — men like the rest of mortals in many ways, yet differing from them in other respects."

"I never detected much difference between them and ordinary laymen," said the evangelist.

"Well," rejoined the priest, "they differ from the laity in the fact that our Lord invested them with spiritual power and divine authority. He divided His Church into two great classes — the instructors and the instructed, the spiritual governors and the spiritually governed. The former were divinely commissioned to teach, rule and administer the means of sanctification. The latter were obliged to learn, obey and receive these means, viz.: the sacraments. Of those teachers our Lord saith: 'He that heareth you, heareth me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me. He that heareth not the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.' The belief of the members corresponds as an effect to the teaching authority and must therefore be the same as it holds. As there always will be a vast multitude professing the true faith, so there must always exist a teaching body announcing it. Thus we are careful 'to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, one faith, one baptism, one Lord, one God, one Father of all.'"

"Catholics believe that the Pope couldn't make a mistake if he tried, don't they?"

"A person in his exalted position will never try to make a mistake," responded the priest. "Catholics firmly believe that the Church teaches infallibly when through the Pope and bishops collectively, or when through the Pope alone as universal pastor, she announces a doctrine of faith or morals. The bishops may be viewed either as dispersed in their dioceses, or assembled in a general council. In either case, provided they be united with the visible head of the Church, the Bishop of Rome, their pronouncement on matters of doctrine and morality is authoritative and infallible."

"Why shouldn't their judgment be just as authoritative when they differ with the Pope?" demanded the evangelist. "Are they not Apostolic successors as well as he?"

"Because," replied the priest, "the office of teaching infallibly was never given or even mentioned by our Lord to the Apostles without their leader, St. Peter, being present. Individually they were inspired as well as infallible. This two-fold prerogative was necessary for the first founders of the Church. It wasn't so necessary after the Church became firmly established. The Apostles were also infallible collectively, as, for example, when they met in council at Jerusalem. This collective infallibility was needed for the Church's preservation in the purity and

integrity of her doctrines, just as much as the power to preach, baptize, confirm and ordain. Hence there exists the strongest presumption that infallibility along with other ministerial powers must have been transmitted to the Church. This presumptive evidence can only be destroyed by the strongest reasons to the contrary. The Church was in undisputed possession. How can she be justly dispossessed of it? Every text bearing on the formation and establishment of the Church favors the transmission of that prerogative."

"I have read the New Testament over and over," said the evangelist, "and I wish that you would point out a single text favoring infallibility."

"You certainly are familiar with the text of St. Matthew," remarked the priest. "'Go ye therefore and teach all nations all things whatsoever I have commanded. And behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.' Notice the expression, 'I am with you.' What does it mean?"

"What, indeed!" echoed the evangelist, coloring with embarrassment.

"It means help or assistance," continued the priest. "God often used it in speaking to His patriarchs and prophets, and invariably He thereby meant to help them in a special man-

ner. What imaginable help could the Son of God or the Holy Ghost render the Apostles and their successors in preaching the gospel to all nations, unless to keep them from teaching falsehood? St. Paul calls the Church 'the pillar and ground of truth.' How could he truthfully apply such a title to the Church were she capable of teaching false doctrine? Don't you think that it would be incompatible with Divine Wisdom and Mercy to deny mankind in the all-important affair of salvation the certainty granted in mathematics, physics and the natural sciences?"

"Well, I find it hard to believe," said the evangelist, "that Popes like Alexander VI and a few more were gifted with infallibility."

"Why?" asked the priest.

"Because they were so wicked," rejoined the evangelist.

"You confound infallibility with impeccability," said the priest. "The unfailing assistance of the Holy Spirit was directly intended not for the Pope's personal sanctification, but for the guidance of his judgment. Solomon, Balaam, Jonas and Caiaphas were not very edifying in their conduct, yet they infallibly prophesied the truth. Many of the Scribes and Pharisees were wicked. Yet our Lord said of them: 'They have sat in the chair of Moses. All things whatsoever they shall say to you, observe

and do. But according to their works do ye not, for they say and do not.' We claim infallible assistance for the Pope only in his official capacity as universal pastor and visible head of the Church. The long series of Roman pontiffs from St. Peter down to the gloriously reigning Benedict XV is composed of most exemplary men. During the first three centuries nearly every Pope shed his blood for his faith. Out of 260, thirty-three were martyred, and eighty-two canonized. Even granting, for the sake of argument, that the conduct of four or five was reprehensible, we have at least fifty-one good Popes for every bad one, while there was a Judas Iscariot among the twelve Apostles."

"Don't you think," asked the evangelist, "that if our Lord wished to make the Pope infallible, He would have given some intimation of such an extraordinary gift?"

"As a matter of fact," replied the priest, "He did indicate it in unmistakable language. 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.' The Church of which Peter is the foundation is declared impregnable, *i. e.*, proof against error. 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in Heaven.' Since the God of Truth cannot ratify an untruthful judgment, He must, therefore, preserve

Peter and his successors from binding the members of the Church to believe an erroneous doctrine, and to believe it under pain of eternal perdition, for He Himself declared: 'He that believeth not shall be condemned.'"

"But didn't the Pope bind the Church to believe an erroneous doctrine when he condemned Galileo for saying that the earth moved round the sun?" asked the evangelist.

"Cusa and Copernicus," replied the priest, "taught the same system advanced by Galileo a century before the latter was born. Cusa was made Bishop of Brixen and later Cardinal, while Copernicus received a life pension. Urban VIII assured Galileo that he would not be molested provided that he confined his astronomical argumentations to physics and mathematics, and let the Bible and religion severely alone. This he refused to do. Hence the sentence obliging him to recite the seven penitential Psalms once a week for three years and to remain prisoner at the good will of the court. We might ignore the objection entirely on the ground that the decree of the Inquisition was not formally a papal document."

CHAPTER XVII

VENERATION OF SACRED IMAGES

"YOU remarked to me once," said Pasqualino, "that when a Catholic you believed certain doctrines which you rejected after you had joined the Protestant church."

"Oh, not the Protestant, but the Evangelical church," corrected the evangelist. "Well, I would just like to—"

"Pardon the interruption," said Zi Pre', "but it just occurred to me that we will have quite a number of communions to-morrow morning, the First Friday of the month. I wish, Pasqualino, that you would take that tin box in the sacristy to the Sacred Heart Convent, and ask the nuns to give you about 150 small particles and a dozen large ones. You had better start immediately, as they may not have any baked."

"Very well, Father," replied Pasqualino, springing to his feet and hurriedly bowing himself out of the room. After he had closed the door the priest turned to the evangelist and said: "I am curious to know what prompted you to

abandon the Catholic Church. Was it in order to lead a more virtuous or a more vicious life?"

"Why, to lead a more virtuous life," responded the evangelist, who suddenly preferred to let his gaze wander towards the window rather than in the direction of his questioner.

"That being the case," replied the priest, "I would like to venture one more question."

"Oh, you can ask all the questions you like," blurted the evangelist, shifting his glance from the window to the ceiling.

"When you were a Catholic, did you faithfully observe the commandments of God and the precepts of the Church?"

"Well, to be candid," said the evangelist, "I used to be fond of amusement like most young men, and frequented resorts that I should have avoided. My folks were of the old fashioned religious type. In fact, I have a brother who is an Apostolic missionary in India. I went to confession regularly and then suddenly quit."

"What was the trouble?"

"The priest refused me absolution and told me to return the following Saturday. I never went back. My people began nagging me; life became so intolerable at home that I left and came to America. Here I joined the Evangelists, who were very kind to me and taught me

English. I resolved to lead a better life. At present I am in a quandary what to do or what to believe. In the beginning everything seemed so bright and fascinating. It was a relief to think I was freed forever from the tyranny of confessing my sins to a priest. But now the more I study and reflect upon the past, the greater anguish and misery I feel. My conversations with Pasqualino have upset me completely. But I am in it, and nothing remains for me but to continue."

"Yes, unfortunately you are in it," said the priest; "but if you found yourself on the brink of a precipice, would you not draw back? What ever induced you to apostatize?"

"When I landed in New York I had to borrow money to come to Chicago. Here a fellow townsman, who was an evangelical, obtained employment for me in a large statuary concern. The foreman placed me alongside this companion in the studio where we modeled in clay and gypsum. We chatted a good deal at our work, and one remark of my friend produced upon me quite an impression."

"What was it?" asked the priest.

"He said the statues of Christ, the Madonna, saints and martyrs which we made, were the idols worshipped and adored by our ignorant countrymen. Gradually I began to believe that

the Catholic Church had really fallen into idolatry."

"Oh, no," laughed the priest, "you never believed any such nonsense. It was you yourself who fell into idolatry."

"Not in a thousand years!" exclaimed the evangelist, shuffling his feet and wiggling in his chair.

"Oh, yes, you did, and I can prove it," calmly rejoined the priest. "Idolatry is giving to a creature the worship that belongs to God alone. In your youth you became a slave to your passions. Instead of co-operating with God's grace to overcome them, you simply yielded to every sensual desire and inclination. Your vicious habits became like so many idols which you worshipped and adored. The priest evidently deferred giving you absolution until you showed some signs of reform and repentance. Unwilling to abandon the proximate occasion of sin you went over to the Evangelical camp which exacts no sacramental confession. You may find it rather comfortable during life, but woefully bereft of consolation when you come to die. No practical Catholic ever apostatizes. You never heard of an exemplary virtuous priest becoming a Protestant minister. You cannot mention a single one. We can, moreover, furnish a lengthy list of intelligent, virtuous Protestants,

like the Newmans, Mannings and Fabers who have been converted to the Catholic Church and become its brightest ornaments. The real motive of every Catholic apostasy, like in your own case, is either a carnal, temporal or material consideration."

"No matter what my motive may have been," said the evangelist, "it does seem that the Church has fallen into idolatry."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the priest. "How can any sane person accuse the Church of a crime she has vigorously opposed from the very beginning of her existence! Was it not because the martyrs refused to worship false gods that they were subjected to the most excruciating torments? What makes you think that the Church fell into idolatry?"

"Well, she encourages the adoration of saints, their relics and images," rejoined the evangelist. "The first commandment obliges us to adore God alone."

"What is more natural," asked the priest, "than to venerate the lives of distinguished men? Their memories are honored by imposing monuments, national holidays, annual banquets and processions; their portraits adorn the walls of our public buildings; their names are given to boulevards, parks and cities; their conduct is ex-

tolled and commended as an example for future generations; their words are carefully treasured up and reverently quoted like passages from the Bible. Popular veneration extends even to the inanimate objects associated with these national heroes. Their homesteads, furniture and even garments are regarded as precious souvenirs. Why should we be censured for manifesting similar respect for the saints and martyrs? Surely you were taught as a child that we simply venerate them and their relics, but do not adore them."

"You call your worship of relics and images veneration, but not adoration," said the evangelist. "The Bible, however, condemns all such superstitions. 'Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven image or sculpture of any sort.'"

"How did your delicate conscience ever permit you to work for the statuary company?" asked the priest. "The text, if literally followed, would put every sculptor, painter and photographer out of business. The meaning of the passage is evident from the context where it says 'Thou shalt not make these things to adore and serve them.' That is why we only venerate the relics and images of the saints. No Catholic adores them."

"But," insisted the evangelist, "there is no

record of the chosen people venerating images or relics, and we should adhere strictly to the Bible."

"What about the ark of the covenant?" asked the priest. "Was it not a material image?"

"Oh, yes," acknowledged the evangelist, "it certainly was a material object containing the tablets of the divine law."

"Did the Jewish people adore it?"

"No, because that would have been idolatry."

"You admit, then," said the priest, "that the chosen people had images or material objects which they lawfully venerated, and caused everybody else to respect?"

"Oh, those were simply material things, not images. They were not statues," replied the evangelist.

"The ark of the covenant," said the priest, "was an image prefiguring the Tabernacle of the New Dispensation which contains not only the divine law, but also the Author of that law, our Savior, Jesus Christ in the sacrament of His love, the Holy Eucharist. But perhaps you prefer a more specific argument. Do you recall Solomon's temple? God commanded that two golden cherubim should be made and placed above the ark. The people venerated both the ark and the cherubim, which were certainly statues. Moses was divinely commanded to make

a brazen serpent and expose it to the view of the Hebrews so that 'whosoever being struck by the fiery serpents shall look upon it, shall live.' Do you think those people were guilty of idolatry?"

"You recall facts that I learned as a boy, but never seriously reflected upon. How did this antagonism to images originate?"

"Iconoclasm or image-breaking," said the priest, "was a heresy encouraged by Emperor Leo of Constantinople in the eighth century. Like other so-called reformers, avarice really prompted him to cause the statues of bronze, silver and gold that adorned the churches to be melted down and converted into coin bearing his image. Persuaded by Moslems and by an apostate Christian that the worship rendered to images of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints was idolatrous, he issued an imperial edict to destroy all religious paintings, the interior walls of the churches throughout the realm were to be whitewashed, and might be decorated only with pictures of birds, fruits and flowers. People said that the churches began to look like grocery stores and bird shops. Unable to win over to his party the literary men in charge of the imperial library, he simply shut them up in the building and set it on fire. To take revenge on Pope Gregory III, by whom he was excom-

municated, he ordered a fleet to Italy, but it was wrecked in the Adriatic. Shortly afterwards the tyrant died, universally regarded as a scourge to religion and humanity.

"He was succeeded by his son, Constantine Copronymus, who surpassed his father in fiendishness. By his command the eyes of Catholics were plucked out and their nostrils slit. He had a special hatred of religious people. He caused their beards to be overlaid with inflammable matter and then ignited and the images of the Saints to be broken on their heads. His special recreation was to preside at executions and feast his eyes on streams of fresh warm blood. In those days there lived near Nicomedia a holy Abbot named Stephen. The emperor summoned him to Constantinople with the intention of winning him over by argument, for this royal buffoon was just conceited enough to imagine himself quite an adept in dialectics. 'Oh, stupid man!' he exclaimed, 'how do you fail to see that we may trample under foot the image of Christ without offending Christ Himself?' Stephen drew near the tyrant and showing him a coin that bore his image, said to him: 'I may therefore treat this image in the same manner without failing in respect.' Then, throwing the piece of money on the ground, he tramped on it. Immediately he was seized by the courtiers and as they led him

away to execution, he exclaimed: 'Strange, indeed, that it should be a crime to insult the image of an earthly prince and no harm to trample under foot the image of the King of Heaven!'"

CHAPTER XVIII

VENERATION OF RELICS AND INVOCATION OF SAINTS

"THE veneration of images seems reasonable enough," observed the evangelist, "because it is rendered not to the material of which they are made, but to the persons whom they represent. The fuss, however, made over relics always appeared to me as rank superstition."

"Superstition," said the priest, "is a very much abused word often employed by people who do not grasp its meaning. According to St. Thomas, it is a vice opposed to religion by way of excess; not because in the worship of God it does more than true religion, but because it offers divine worship to beings other than God, or offers worship to God in an improper manner. It differs from the vice of irreligion, which sins by defect. True religion is the golden mean between superstition and irreligion."

"There is no mention of relics in the Bible," said the evangelist.

"I am afraid that you have forgotten your Bible history," commented the priest. "Don't you remember reading in the IV Book of Kings (xxii) that when some Israelites were carrying a corpse for burial they were frightened by thieves and took refuge in a cave where the body of the prophet Eliseus had been buried a year previous? The corpse instantly came to life when it had touched the bones of the Prophet. The bodies of the Saints are entitled to our veneration because, according to St. Paul (I Cor. vi) they were once the mystic members of Christ, and living temples of the Holy Ghost. Having been the instruments of all their virtues here on earth, their bodies will share in the eternal glory of their souls after the general resurrection. We read in the Acts of the Apostles that the sick were laid upon couches in the streets so that when Peter came along his shadow at least might fall upon them and deliver them from their infirmities. In chapter xix it is stated that there were brought from the body of Paul to the sick handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the wicked spirits went out of them. In St. Matthew's gospel it is related that a woman troubled with an issue of blood for twelve years came behind our Lord and touched the hem of His garment. For she said within herself; 'If I touch only the hem of

His garment I shall be healed.' That certainly looked like superstition, didn't it?"

The evangelist nodded assent.

"Well, our Lord didn't think so," continued the priest. "He turned towards the woman and said: 'Be of good heart, daughter; thy faith hath made thee whole.' If there were no superstition in the conduct of the persons mentioned, if instead of being censured they were praised by our Lord for their strong faith, why should we Catholics be accused of superstition if we seek miraculous cures at Lourdes, Pompeii, Guadaloupe and other shrines? Did not our Lord assure us in the gospel of St. Mark c. xvi. that miracles would be a distinctive mark of His Church? In venerating the relics of the Saints we observe a custom that has prevailed in the Church from its very foundation! The catacombs of Rome proclaim the truth of this assertion. There on the tombs of Christian martyrs may be deciphered earnest supplications to those departed heroes that they may intercede with God for their surviving brethren."

"Well," remarked the evangelist, "I have always regarded this veneration of relics as a sort of money-making scheme. Very likely the relics themselves are spurious."

"If in any particular case," said the priest, "grafting happens to develop, it is in direct

violation of the Church laws. The Council of Trent insists that 'in the invocation of Saints, the veneration of relics, and the sacred use of images, every superstition shall be removed and all filthy lucre abolished.' Wherever relics are venerated with the sanction of the Church, the presumption is that they are genuine. Even granting that some of them are spurious and the people have been venerating them in good faith for centuries, it would be very injudicious to disturb them unless proof of spuriousness is so overwhelming as to amount to certainty. Hence there is justification for the Church's prudent policy in tolerating the veneration of certain doubtful relics which could not be brusquely set aside without grave scandal and popular disturbance. Meanwhile, the more solemn features of their public cult are quietly and gradually omitted, and eventually the cult itself will be eliminated."

"The veneration of the Saints, their images and relics is one thing," said the evangelist, "but their invocation is an altogether different proposition."

"Very true," replied the priest. "Their invocation is based upon their power of interceding for us. From the objections raised against our custom of invoking the Saints, one would suppose that we placed the Creator on a level

with His creatures; that we considered the Saints and martyrs more sympathetic and willing to hear us than God Himself, and that they, as well as Christ, are mediators between God and man."

"When outsiders see Catholics praying to statues," said the evangelist, "it certainly looks like idolatry."

"Every manual of Catholic doctrine," rejoined the priest, "teaches that it is sinful to give the same worship to Saints as we give to God; that He alone is infinitely perfect and the source of all good; consequently that He alone is entitled to supreme homage. No outsider ever beheld Catholics praying to statues. In childhood we were taught that statues or images have no power to help us, nor sense to hear us. We simply pray *before,* and not *to* them, because they enliven our devotion by exciting pious affections and desires, and by reminding us of the Saints that we may imitate their virtues. Before starting to evangelize the world the chosen twelve formulated a creed commonly known as the Apostles' Creed. Every denomination calling itself Christian has retained this creed. Toward the end of this Apostolic symbol we find the words: 'I believe in the communion of Saints.' If those words have any signification they must mean that between the members of the Church, whether in Heaven or upon earth, there exists

an interchange of mutual good offices, and that one is in some way ready to assist the other. We have the strongest Scriptural assurance that God receives the prayers of the Saints and angels, and that they are constantly engaged in supplication in our behalf. Although Protestants may exclude the books of Tobias and Machabees from the canon of inspired writings, yet they must be regarded at least as historical evidence of ancient Jewish belief. In the twelfth chapter of Tobias we are told that the angel Raphael said to Tobias: 'When thou didst pray with tears and didst bury the dead . . . I offered thy prayer to the Lord.' In the book of Machabees it is said that Onias, who had been high-priest, appeared to Judas Machabeus, holding up his arms and praying for the Jewish people. After this there appeared also another man, admirable for age and glory. Then Onias said: 'This is a lover of his brethren and of the people of Israel. This is he who prayeth much for the people and for all the holy city, Jeremias the prophet of God.' We have the same doctrine repeated in the New Testament. In St. Luke's gospel we read: 'Even so there shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner that doth penance more than over ninety-nine just that need not penance.' What is here implied but that communion, that social interchange whereby a

sinner's repenting here below is matter of joy to the angels? And doesn't our Lord assure us that the Saints of God shall be like His angels? Christ warns us not to scandalize any of His little ones, because their angels always see the face of their Father who is in Heaven! What does this mean but that the guardian angels have an influence with God and will use it to bring down judgment on the offender? In the Apocalypse we are told that our prayers are like perfumes in the hands of the Saints and angels. Protestants who lay such stress upon the Bible must acknowledge this clear testimony regarding the communion of mankind and the blessed as the subject matter of a doctrine — a doctrine to be believed and practiced. But where is it found? Nowhere save in the Catholic Church are prayers offered for us by the Saints to God, and we, therefore, seek their intercession."

"But," exclaimed the evangelist, "is not the invocation of angels expressly condemned by St. Paul in his letter to the Colossians: 'let no man seduce you willing in humility and religion of angels.'"

"No," replied the priest, "for the Apostle here reproves the idolatry of Simon the magician and other heretics who regarded angels as the creators of all material objects. Feigning humility, they addressed God through these angels

whom they idolatrously worshipped, and set aside the mediatorship of Christ. That is what the passage evidently means, as may be inferred from the commentaries of St. Chrysostom, Irenaeus and other fathers."

"But why bother with the Saints' intercession, if God Himself can hear us?" insisted the evangelist. "Why not follow the Apostle's admonition, 'and go with confidence to the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace in seasonable aid'?"

"Your objection proves too much, and therefore proves nothing," retorted the priest. "Why pray even directly to God, since He knows our wants from all eternity? If it be useless to invoke the Saints because God can hear us without their intercession, then why did God say to the friends of Job: 'Go to my servant Job and offer for yourselves a holocaust, and my servant Job will pray for you, and his face will I accept'?"

"How," exclaimed the evangelist, "can the invocation of Saints be reconciled with the Apostle's assertion: 'There is one God and one mediator of God, the man Jesus Christ, who gave Himself a redemption for all'?"

"Very easily," replied the priest. "Christ alone is mediator in the sense of Redeemer. The intercessory prayers of the Saints are based upon the merits of Christ, who gives them what-

ever value they possess. All our petitions to them terminate with the formula: 'Through our Lord Jesus Christ,' thus clearly indicating our belief in Him as the sole mediator between God and man. If intercessory prayer derogated from the mediatorship of Christ, St. Paul would never have asked the Romans and Ephesians to pray for him. But we must not be content with venerating and invoking the Saints; we should endeavor to imitate their virtues. An artist copying some masterpiece, studies carefully each line, shadow and feature in order to render his copy as near the original as possible. In like manner we should study the charity, purity, patience, self-denial and other characteristic virtues of the Saints in order to reproduce them in our daily conduct."

At this juncture Pasqualino returned with the altar breads from the convent.

"Well," exclaimed Zi Pre', rising and proffering his hand to the evangelist, "we have certainly had enough religious discussion for this session. I must visit a sick person before noon."

"When may I trespass again on your time?" asked the evangelist.

"No trespass whatever," rejoined the priest. "Any morning between nine and eleven, Sundays excepted, you will be welcome."

CHAPTER XIX

EXTREME UNCTION

AFTER the departure of his guest, the priest put on his hat and placing his ritual, stole and oil-stock in his pocket, proceeded to Ewing Street. "Anybody sick in this building?" he inquired of a swarthy, low-sized man, who stood lounging in front of a dingy grocery store, and complacently smoking a pipe.

The individual addressed critically surveyed the priest for a moment, then leisurely removing the pipe from his mouth, he demanded: "Who told you that there was anyone sick here?"

"A person told me this morning after Mass," said the priest, "that a woman, the mother of several children, was seriously ill at this number."

"It's a wonder," muttered the individual with the pipe, "that people can't mind their own business. My wife is sick, but when she is low enough to have the priest, I will send for him."

Just then a woman with a shawl on her head scurried across the street, and espying the priest, beckoned him to follow her.

"Where are you going?" asked the man with the pipe.

"Shut up!" retorted the woman with a scowl.

She led the way through a narrow passage between the two houses and up a rickety rear staircase to a flat on the second floor. The man followed close on their heels.

"*Pax huic domui et omnibus habitantibus in ea.* Peace be to this house and all that dwell therein," exclaimed the priest, as he crossed the threshold. The air was stifling. The windows had probably remained closed since the house had been built. The only change of atmosphere came when someone opened the door. On a cot in a small room off the kitchen lay the invalid — a woman past thirty. Her face was flushed with fever and her lips parched with thirst. Her breathing came in short, fitful jerks and she was evidently in great agony.

"Wouldn't you like to go to the hospital?" asked the priest.

"That's what I told her," interjected a young woman with a baby in her arms.

"You would have everything neat and clean," continued the priest, "and a Sister to wait upon you. It is impossible for you to obtain proper medical attention here."

The poor woman shook her head negatively and gasped: "Oh, no, I prefer to die at home

surrounded by my children. Nobody would understand me in the hospital."

"Oh, you don't want to die for a while yet," said the priest in an effort to encourage her. "While there is life, there is hope. If it be God's holy will you should earnestly desire to live a little longer, at least for the sake of your children until they grow up and are able to take care of themselves. What kind of Christian training would they ever get without their mother to look after them? Why, this husband of yours didn't want to let me come here this morning. He must have mistaken me for the undertaker. The priest never visits his parishioners to accelerate their death, but rather to hasten their recovery. 'Is there any man sick among you?' says St. James. 'Let them call in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man: and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him.' In St. Mark's gospel (vi) we read that the Apostles 'anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them.' Of course, this anointing of the sick by the Disciples before our Savior's death, is not to be considered as a sacrament, since it was evidently administered only for the health of the body. It may, however, be regarded in some respect as a

figure of the sacramental unction which was afterwards to be instituted."

While the priest was engaged in explaining the nature and effects of Extreme Unction, the husband of the sick woman began rummaging in an old trunk at the foot of the bed. He finally resurrected a crucifix and a couple of candles which he placed upon the table. Two empty pop bottles served as candlesticks. "Extreme Unction," said Zi Pre', "is a sacrament which through the anointing and prayer of the priest gives health and strength to the soul, and even sometimes to the body when we are in danger of death from sickness. Besides the increase of sanctifying grace — an effect common to all sacraments of the living, Extreme Unction remits venial sin. The words of St. James refer chiefly to venial sins, because mortal sins are remitted through baptism and penance sacraments of the dead. Since a sacrament produces that which it signifies, it is in the very significance of each sacrament that we must look for its principal effect. Extreme Unction is employed under the form of a remedy, just as Baptism is used under the form of an ablution. A remedy being intended to cure, Extreme Unction is chiefly destined to cure the infirmities produced in the soul by sin. Baptism, therefore, is a spir-

itual birth, Penance a resurrection, and Extreme Unction a cure or remedy. As a corporal remedy supposes the life of the body, so a spiritual remedy supposes the life of the soul in him to whom it is administered. Hence Extreme Unction is not given to remove defects depriving the soul of spiritual life, viz.: original and mortal sin, but to remove those defects rendering the soul sick and depriving it of that perfect vigor which it needs in order to perform the acts of spiritual life. Extreme Unction, however, can also remit mortal sin when it is impossible for one otherwise rightly disposed to receive the sacrament of Penance. A person after having received absolution might fall into mortal sin which either he does not know or forgets, and consequently will not confess. In that case, if he receives Extreme Unction with sorrow, and places no obstacle to the grace of this sacrament, he will obtain the remission of his faults.

"Another effect of this sacrament is the removal of the remnants of sin, after the guilt has been remitted, as *e. g.*, temporal punishment, weakness of the will, depraved inclination or strong propensity to sin. All these effects are signified by the sacramental matter — olive oil. To oil is ascribed a certain healing power. The Good Samaritan poured oil into the wounds of

the man who had fallen among robbers. A further effect is fortitude in sufferings as signified especially by the words of the Apostle: 'The Lord shall raise him up.' Finally, 'the prayer of faith shall heal the sick man,' *i. e.*, restore him to health, provided it be conducive to his spiritual welfare.

"Now," he said to the sick woman, "after I have heard your confession, I will anoint your eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, hands and feet, in a word, all the senses, the organs of our actions, and unfortunately, too often the instruments of our sins. While I am thus engaged, your relatives and friends witnessing this solemn ceremony, should unite their prayers with those offered by the Church in your behalf. They should do for you what they would like to have done for themselves were they in a similar circumstance. Everything connected with the administration of this sacrament reveals man's dignity. Under eloquent symbols beams forth the high destiny awaiting us if we die in a Christian manner. What, in fact, are all these prayers, ceremonies, and unctions? Are they not the authorized profession of a truth which is the principle of virtue and the safeguard of society, viz.: that all does not perish with the body? What purpose would they serve if man were only an animal or a machine and did not antici-

pate a better life beyond the tomb? No, he is something greater, and by the administration of Extreme Unction the Church reminds him that he is destined to flourish in immortality."

CHAPTER XX

INDULGENCES

"WHAT has become of your evangelical friend?" asked Zi Pre' one Thursday of Pasqualino. "It is fully two months since he was here. I must have frightened him pretty badly the last time he called."

"Oh, he intends to return," replied Pasqualino. "I met him the other day on Blue Island Avenue, and he said that he had been ailing for quite a while."

That same morning he rang the bell about nine o'clock, and was ushered into the priest's study. He looked pale and worn. "I have been under a doctor's care for the last six weeks," he said in explanation of his protracted absence.

"I have been making a special memento for you every day in my prayers," said the priest, "but I almost despaired of seeing you again. What can I do for you this morning?"

"Kindly explain the doctrine of indulgences," ventured the evangelist.

"Few Catholic doctrines," replied the priest,

"have been more savagely attacked, misrepresented and misunderstood than the one regarding indulgences. The Montanists of the third century and the Novations in the fifth denied to the Church the power of forgiving certain grievous crimes committed after the reception of baptism. According to them the temporal punishment due such faults could not be remitted by an indulgence. In the thirteenth the Waldenses, as well as the followers of Wickleff and Huss impugned the Church's power of granting indulgences. Martin Luther in the fifteenth century was their greatest foe. He seemed at first wholly absorbed in assailing abuses apparently introduced by John Tetzel rather than the doctrine itself. Luther's heresy was eagerly embraced by Zwinglius, Calvin and the other so-called reformers. A few bigoted historians, pandering to the tastes of their prejudiced readers, have not scrupled to assert indulgences to be simply license to commit sin, and that such permission was offered for sale in the market places of Germany!"

"Well, what is an indulgence?" asked the evangelist.

"It is a remission," replied the priest, "in whole or in part of the temporal punishment due to actual sins after the guilt and eternal punishment have been forgiven. Hence the common

distinction between a plenary and partial indulgence. The guilt and eternal punishment of sin are remitted, not by an indulgence but by the sacrament of penance. An indulgence does not remove the temporal punishment of original sin, as *e. g.*, sickness and death, a strong inclination to evil. Neither does it free one from the temporal punishments involved in the very fact of repentance. It cannot liberate the sinner from the duty of restoring ill-gotten goods, retracting calumnies, or of taking the necessary means to avoid future falls. Neither will it free him from loss of health, honor and reputation which are often the temporal punishments accompanying the transgression of the commandments.

"Theologians distinguish between the guilt of sin and its punishment. The guilt or offense is the injury done to God; the punishment is the chastisement which He has a right to inflict. Being infinitely just, He can no more allow a sin to pass unpunished than a good work to go unrewarded. The punishment is either eternal or temporal according as the sin may be mortal or venial. The guilt of sin and its eternal punishment are remitted chiefly through Baptism and Penance. No sin whatever can be forgiven by an indulgence. When the phrase, 'remission of sin,' occurs in the grant of an indulgence, it simply denotes the remission of punishment, not of

guilt, just the same as when Scripture says that 'Christ bore our sins in His body on the cross,' the evident meaning is that He bore the punishment, not the guilt of our sins."

"What proof is there that our Lord ever gave the Church the power to grant indulgences?" asked the evangelist.

"Ample proof," replied the priest. "From the words which He addressed to St. Peter and the other Apostles, 'I give thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven; whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven.' By those words our Lord empowered the Church to deliver her children from whatever obstacle might impede their entrance into Heaven. The Church can certainly remove the greater obstacle, viz.: the guilt of mortal sin and its eternal chastisement through the tribunal of penance, provided the penitents be properly disposed. Therefore, she enjoys the faculty of removing the lesser obstacle, viz.: the temporal punishment due to their sins. Luther himself before his excommunication declared: 'If anyone deny the truth of the Pope's indulgence, let him be anathema.'"

"Still," remarked the evangelist, "he was most emphatic against its abuse."

"The best of things may be abused," replied

the priest. "Leo X desired to complete St. Peter's basilica. To this end he proclaimed an indulgence to all who would make some voluntary contribution to the building fund and fulfill the other conditions, viz.: 'sincere repentance and confession of sins.' To prevent any traffic or sale of indulgences, 'the hand that delivered the indulgence was forbidden under the severest penalties to receive the money.' Now where was the abuse? If Moses rightfully appealed to the Israelites for offerings to adorn the tabernacle, why should not the Pope be equally justified in soliciting alms for a similar purpose? If our sins, according to Holy Scripture, can be redeemed by alms to the poor, why not by offerings given in the cause of religion? According to Luther, Tetzel exaggerated the value of indulgences. But that he offered them for sale was never even hinted at until after his death. The Apostolic nuncio sharply rebuked him for his indiscreet zeal, and the poor man took the reprimand so much to heart that he retired to a monastery where he soon afterwards died without his case ever receiving a judicial investigation."

"Well, I never cared particularly for indulgences," observed the evangelist, "because they savor too much of a political pull. They always seemed like giving a bribe to God for a privilege to which we are not entitled. Here in America

we believe in equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

"What is a privilege?" asked the priest. "It is a peculiar favor granted to one individual and not enjoyed by the rest of the community. Rebates granted by a railroad to one manufacturer and not to his rivals — that is privilege. Now through baptism we all become members of God's Church, and we thereby receive equal rights to her graces and blessings. All have an equal chance to draw abundantly from her spiritual treasury, provided they fulfill the conditions. In the Catholic Church there is no class legislation, no discriminating law benefiting one set of members and injuring another group. Hence to assert that an indulgence savors of a political pull, is to say what is untrue. If our spiritual sloth, obstinacy and pride prevent us from taking advantage of indulgences in order to lessen our sojourn in Purgatory, then we have only ourselves to blame. Christianity itself is one great indulgence granted to the guilty human race in consideration of the merits of our Lord who was voluntarily immolated on Calvary for the sins of men. Almighty God could demand of us all that we owe Him even to the last farthing. But His infinite mercy permits the innocent to pay for the guilty and that the superabundant merits of His only begotten Son and His saints should

turn to our advantage and diminish our obligations."

"I have heard ministers denounce an indulgence as the greatest incentive to crime," said the evangelist.

"Those poor deluded creatures," replied the priest, "did not know what they were talking about. Why, to gain an indulgence we must be in the state of grace, *i. e.*, free from all mortal sin. Hence it is the greatest inducement to virtue. Not only must we have the intention of gaining the indulgence, but we must fulfill accurately the usual conditions of sacramental confession, Holy Communion, and the giving of an alms either to the poor or for some praiseworthy purpose. Practical Catholics usually renew every morning the desire of gaining all the indulgences attached to the various acts of piety which they may perform during the day. The Our Father, Hail Mary, the acts of faith, hope, love and contrition, the Angelus and Rosary, in fact nearly every prayer or pious ejaculation that we may utter, has a specific indulgence. We should therefore strive to gain as many of them as we can so that we may share in the superabundant merits of our Lord and His saints. Thus we will shorten the punishment of our sins to be expiated either here or in Purgatory and which could delay our entrance into the eternal kingdom."

CHAPTER XXI

PURGATORY

"DO you really believe in the existence of Purgatory?" asked the evangelist.

"As firmly as I believe in the existence of Heaven or hell, or of Divine Justice," replied the priest. "God will render to everyone according to his works, and nothing defiled can enter His sacred presence. Would it be right to admit immediately into the heavenly kingdom, along with saints, the sinner who has spent his life in wickedness just because he repented at the moment of death?"

"What is your definition of Purgatory?" demanded the evangelist.

"It is a state," rejoined the priest, "in which the souls of the just who die without having sufficiently satisfied Divine Justice for their sins are obliged to expiate them before entering Heaven."

"Excuse me," said the evangelist, "but that differs entirely from the definition usually given. I have heard Catholic preachers call it a prison or furnace. In fact, I have seen pictures of the

suffering souls surrounded by flames. Why don't you call it a prison or a furnace?"

"The Church," said the priest, "has never decided whether Purgatory is a particular place in which the souls of the faithful are confined, or in what peculiar manner they are purified, whether by fire or any other way, or what the rigor or extent of their sufferings may be. Catholic theologians are therefore free to discuss these questions. The only points defined by the Council of Trent are the following four: (1) After the remission of mortal sin and its eternal punishment in the Sacrament of Penance, there still remains a temporal punishment to expiate. (2) When that expiation is not made during the present life it must be endured hereafter in Purgatory. (3) The prayers and good works of the living can be useful to the dead. (4) The Sacrifice of the Mass is propitiatory, and therefore has the effect of satisfying Divine Justice for the temporal punishment due to sins of both living and dead."

"And you claim that this doctrine is based upon the Bible?" asked the evangelist.

"Yes," replied the priest, "and before citing Scriptural proofs, try once for all to understand clearly that for us Catholics the unwritten word of God proposed for our belief by the Church through tradition, has exactly the same weight

and authority as the written word of God contained in the Bible and which she commands us to believe. 'Faith cometh by hearing,' says St. Paul. 'Stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learnt, whether by word or by our epistle.' (Thess. ii.) Tradition, therefore, didn't lose its authority because a part of it was committed to writing, any more than the natural law became void when the Decalogue was written on two tablets of stone. There are any number of texts in the Old Testament insinuating the existence of an intermediate state, as *e. g.,* David, who makes those beyond the tomb to exclaim: 'We have passed through fire and water, and Thou hast brought us out into a refreshment.' 'Lay out thy bread and thy wine upon the burial of a just man,' which means: feed the poor on the tomb of the just in order that they may pray for him. (Tobias iv.) The custom of distributing bread among the poor on the occasion of a funeral still prevails in many Catholic countries even to this day, notably in Belgium. In Ecclesiasticus (38) it is said: 'When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and comfort him in the departing of his spirit.' How could the dead be comforted unless by the help which the living give through their prayers? In Mach. II xii, we read that Judas Machabeus 'sent twelve thousand

drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. . . . It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.' This passage proved too strong for the so-called reformers, who simply rejected both books of Machabees as apocryphal, although they have precisely the same authority as any other part of the Bible.

"It does more harm than good to adduce an array of dubious texts in confirmation of a doctrine clearly established from other undoubted sources. Whatever our separated brethren may think of the canonicity of Machabees, they must admit that they indicate the common practice of praying and offering sacrifice for the departed — a custom which prevailed among the Jews up to the advent of our Lord. If belief in Purgatory were an invention of Satan, as Calvin claimed, our Lord would have certainly warned the Jews against it.

"In Matt. xii our Lord says: 'Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come.'

"According to St. Augustine these words im-

ply the possibility of the remission of sin in the life to come; and consequently the existence of a middle state. For, no man in his senses would say 'I shall not marry in this world nor in the world to come,' because the latter is absurd and impossible."

"In not a single text quoted did I hear the word Purgatory mentioned," said the evangelist. "If the Bible doesn't contain the word, much less does it convey the meaning which the word implies."

"It is not a question of the name," said the priest, "but of the truth. To express that truth we can use any term we please. Call it a place of expiation, an intermediate state, Purgatory or anything you like, if you admit the truth of its existence, we cannot have any argument about its name."

"Very true," acknowledged the evangelist, "if we admit a fact we cannot dispute about mere words. But just the same, Catholics believe a thing not contained in the Bible, or at least believe a truth expressed in words which the Bible does not contain."

"Catholics," retorted the priest, "believe in a state of purgation beyond the grave. If to express the truth we employ words not contained in the Bible, they express at least the truth itself which the Bible contains. Do you really wish to

assert that all biblical truths must be conveyed by words literally contained in the Bible?"

"Certainly," rejoined the evangelist, "otherwise what you assert is founded not on the word of God, but on the word of man."

"You believe in the most Holy Trinity, Baptism, the Apostles' Creed, and the sanctification of Sunday, don't you?" asked the priest.

"Without the slightest difficulty," rejoined the evangelist. "Of course, they are not literally expressed in the Bible, but only as to their sense. If we adhere to the mere letter, according to the Apostle, we have death, while the spiritual sense gives life. The words Trinity, Baptism, Creed and Sunday are used to designate definite, clear things which are conformable to reason, but the word Purgatory seems to be contrary to common sense."

"How does it offend common sense?" asked the priest.

"Well, it seems ridiculous to believe that a sin can only be half pardoned," rejoined the evangelist. "If God forgives a man his sins, he enters the state of grace and that is the end of it. God's work cannot be imperfect."

"True," granted the priest, "but in the work of man there is usually a great amount of imperfection. If the greatest sinner before enter-

ing eternity could make an act of perfect sorrow, there is no reason why he should not be admitted immediately into Heaven. But nothing defiled can enter Heaven. Who dies so immaculately pure as to deserve immediate admission into God's presence? An intermediate state of purification called Purgatory is therefore most conformable to the dictates of common sense."

"Oh, the idea of Purgatory doesn't seem unreasonable," vowed the evangelist, "only tell us where it is — what kind of pains does a soul suffer there? I have heard and read such extravagant notions on that score."

"I have already told you," said the priest, "that the Church has never defined the location of Purgatory, nor the exact nature of its tortures. She has simply declared the existence of such a state. You certainly believe in Heaven and hell, although nobody has presumed as yet to indicate their location. Preachers may employ figures of speech, and compare Purgatory to a lake of fire, a pit, prison, etc. They may use various forms of sickness to denote its pains. The early Fathers did likewise and based their comparisons upon scriptural texts."

"Is it not an article of faith that the souls in Purgatory suffer the pains of fire?" exclaimed the evangelist.

"The general sentiment of theologians is that they do, and this opinion is based upon the words of St. Paul (I Cor. iii) 'the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is . . . he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.' But it has never been defined by the Church."

"Why, then," insisted the evangelist, "does Catholic liturgy designate it as *tartarus, hell, the mouth of the lion, eternal death,* etc.?"

"If you consult the works of Pagan and Christian authors," said the priest, "you will find that those words signify a place of torment and privation. When the Church implores God's mercy in favor of departed souls lest 'they fall into obscurity, lest tartarus absorb them, or that they may be rescued from the jaws of the lion,' she supplicates Him to liberate them from the pains of Purgatory."

"That is all very plausible," said the evangelist, "but when at the absolution on the occasion of a funeral you pray: 'Free, O Lord, those souls from eternal death,' etc., it sounds as if you wanted God to liberate the reprobates from hell, out of which there is no redemption."

"In no part of the burial service will you find the words: 'Free, O God, those souls from eternal death.' But you will discover the words: 'Deliver *ME,* O Lord, from eternal death,' etc. That is a petition, not for the dead, but for the

living. Formerly those offertories and anthems were recited as prayers for the dying when the soul was in its last agony just before entering eternity."

CHAPTER XXII

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

"A FEW nights ago in the *Daily News*," said the evangelist, "I ran across an article of yours protesting against Marion Harland's use of the term 'peasant wife' to designate the Blessed Virgin. The distinctions drawn by you seemed rather far-fetched."

"Oh, they could not seem so to any lover of historical accuracy," rejoined the priest. "The parents of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Joachim and Anne, being descendants of a royal and sacerdotal race, belonged to the highest nobility of Israel."

"In this age of democracy the title of noble doesn't count for much," commented the evangelist.

"It certainly does not," acknowledged the priest. "Of course, personal virtue rather than distinction of birth really ennobles the individual. But just the same the Son of God, though born in poverty, did not disdain the human advantages of nobility. In fact, it was necessary for Him

in order that the Messianic prophecies might be fulfilled. To prove His claim as the promised Redeemer He should, according to the patriarchs and prophets, descend from the royal house of David. He should likewise be of sacerdotal origin, for of Him it was said: 'Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech.' The blood of kings and of patriarchs acquired a special dignity in the person of the Blessed Virgin, for from her the Son of God was to assume human nature. If for no other reason than for the sake of historical truth, the term 'peasant wife' is most inappropriate when applied to the Blessed Virgin Mary, for she was not of peasant, but of noble origin."

"What do you understand by her immaculate conception?" asked the evangelist.

"For us Catholics," replied the priest, "it is an article of faith that in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace of God in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, she was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin."

"That practically puts her on an equality with the Son of God," said the evangelist.

"Nothing of the kind," rejoined the priest. "There is an essential difference between the immaculate conception of the Incarnate Word, and that of His Blessed Mother. Our Savior

was exempt not only from all sin, but free, moreover, from all debt or liability to contract it. Since the Blessed Virgin originated in the same manner as other mortals, she was the descendant of a fallen race. Unlike our Savior, she incurred the debt or liability to contract original sin. In the ordinary course of events she would have been conceived in sin the same as the rest of us, were it not for the intervention of God's mercy. Divine mercy intervened. On account of Him whose mother she was destined to become, and by virtue of His merits foreseen, she was preserved from the original taint. For this reason Pius IX declared her Immaculate Conception to be, not an inherent right, but 'a singular grace and privilege of God.'"

"St. Paul declares that 'all men have sinned in Adam,'" said the evangelist.

"By that declaration," retorted the priest, "the Apostle simply wished to emphasize the need which all men have of redemption by Christ."

"But doesn't her privilege derogate from the universal redemption?" insisted the evangelist.

"Not in the slightest degree," replied the priest. "She needed a Redeemer as well as we. She was therefore redeemed, but in a manner more sublime than the rest of men. Redemption may be imparted in a two-fold way: the

one, by which the fallen are lifted up, and thus we were redeemed at the Baptismal font: the other, by which one is prevented from falling, and thus the Blessed Virgin was saved in the first instant of her conception. This extraordinary privilege is what we should naturally expect when we consider the exalted part she took in the mystery of the Incarnation. Theologians distinguish between active or generative conception by the parents causing the body to be organized and prepared for receiving a rational soul, and passive conception. The soul is not generated by the parents, but created and infused by God into the body. Passive conception is the moment of the soul's infusion, viz.: when it first animates the body. In this latter sense alone do we assert the Blessed Virgin's exemption from original sin in the first instant of her conception. Why? Because only when the soul first animates the body can there be question of sinful stain or preservation therefrom. The soul and not the body is primarily capable of receiving the gift of grace or the stain of original sin."

"That is rather a subtle distinction you make between active and passive conception," observed the evangelist. "I really don't see any reason for it."

"It is a distinction," replied the priest, "with-

out which it would be impossible to explain many passages of the Fathers and ancient writers who apparently deny the Immaculate Conception. When St. Augustine, for example, declares the flesh of Mary to be 'flesh of sin,' he alludes solely to her active conception, which implies a certain parental concupiscence. It may therefore be called sin in the same sense that concupiscence, though natural and innocent, is designated as sin by the Apostle."

"What proof have you from the Bible in support of the Immaculate Conception?" asked the evangelist.

"No direct Biblical proof whatever," acknowledged the priest. "It is, however, a doctrine strongly insinuated in Holy Scripture, and at the same time re-echoes the universal belief of the faithful from the earliest days of Christianity."

"Well," mused the evangelist, "I have read the Bible from Genesis to Apocalypse, and I do not recall a single text even remotely indicating the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception."

"Oh, my good man," said the priest, "you must have read it with your eyes closed. The very first Scriptural promise of Redemption intimates also the Mother of the Redeemer. God said to the serpent . . . 'I will put enmities be-

tween thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head.' The serpent is a synonym for the devil. He is frequently designated by the name of serpent in the Bible. All sinners are seed of the devil. They are his children, not by carnal, but by spiritual generation. 'You are of your father, the devil,' said our Lord to the incredulous Jews. The seed of the woman can refer to none else but Jesus Christ."

"It might refer to all the just," suggested the evangelist.

"No," rejoined the priest, "because it is predicted that the seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head, *i. e.*, shall repress his power and rescue man from his grasp. This prediction was verified in Christ, who came to overthrow the dominion of Satan and redeem mankind. Accordingly, St. Paul (Gal. iv) declared that 'God sent His Son made of woman,' viz.: the Blessed Virgin. She is the woman or mother of the seed mentioned. If she be not, then to which woman is reference made? Certainly not to Eve. Nowhere is Christ mentioned as the seed of Eve. He is universally indicated as the son of the Virgin Mary. 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son.' By yielding to the tempter Eve became his partisan. The fact of her restoration to the state of grace

does not warrant the declaration of a special enmity between her and the serpent. Adam also repented of his fault. Why was it not rather asserted: I will put enmities between thee and man?

"Now, enmity implies horror and detestation. Between enemies there exists no friendly intercourse. Our friendship with the devil is engendered through sin. Complete enmity between us and him would imply a complete absence of sin on our part. The enmity which the woman and her seed have in common against the serpent refers principally to *original* sin. Only original sin existed when that enmity was predicted. Moreover, it was chiefly on account of original sin that Christ would come to crush the serpent's head and redeem the whole human race corrupted through its influence."

"Well, I don't see," said the evangelist, "what that has to do with the doctrine you are trying to prove."

"Just a little patience, my dear friend," rejoined the priest. "Having made this preliminary analysis of the text, we can deduce the following argument: It is declared in Genesis that Mary and her offspring, Jesus Christ, entertain one and the same enmity against the serpent on account of original sin. Since the enmity of our Savior in this respect is absolute and

perpetual, the same must be asserted of the enmity entertained by His Blessed Mother. Her enmity, however, would not be absolute and perpetual, had she been tainted by original sin in the first instant of her conception."

"You seem to ignore the philological discussion about the pronoun in the text," said the evangelist. "Are you not aware that while your Catholic Bible has translated the text, '*She* shall crush thy head,' the Hebrew rendition is: 'It shall crush thy head'?"

"That does not invalidate the argument," rejoined the priest. "It matters little whether you translate the pronoun 'he,' 'she' or 'it.' If we read it as in the Latin Vulgate, 'She shall crush thy head,' then it means that the woman, in virtue of her seed Jesus Christ, shall conquer the serpent. If we accept the Hebrew version —'he' or 'it,' then it signifies that Christ and the woman will completely triumph over the demon. In either case their mutual enmity against him is not mitigated."

"Some of your own theologians," remarked the evangelist, "consider the argument drawn from reason in support of this doctrine as rather doubtful and dangerous."

"What one is that?" asked the priest.

"Why, the argument developed by Duns Scotus, viz.: *Decuit, potuit, ergo fecit.* It was be-

coming that the Mother of the Redeemer should be immaculate from the first moment of her conception; God could give her this privilege, therefore He gave it to her."

"Yes," admitted the priest, "when presented in that crude way, it doesn't appear very strong. It doesn't, however, seem credible that while Eve, the mother of the fratricide, Cain, was created immaculate, the mother of Jesus Christ would be conceived in sin. Whence was derived the adorable blood of our Savior shed on Calvary? It came from the blood of His Virgin Mother. Can we for a moment suppose that the price of our redemption originally sprang from a source contaminated by the foul disease of sin? No, we cannot, for that would have been unworthy of God, who is infinite purity. Yet such would have been the case, had the Blessed Virgin been stained by original sin in the first instant of her conception."

"If the faithful from the earliest days of Christianity firmly believed in the Immaculate Conception," said the evangelist, "isn't it strange that the Fathers never expressly mentioned this fact, or commemorated it by a solemn feast as at the present day?"

"I do not find it strange," replied the priest. "The feast of the Holy Trinity was not introduced into the Church until the fifth century.

Yet who would dare accuse the primitive Christians of disbelief in the Triune God? As well might Chicagoans be accused of disbelieving the discovery of America by Columbus until the year A. D. 1893, the time of the Columbian Exposition. For they never solemnly commemorated the event until then. As the doctrine of original sin was not expressly declared in the Church's infancy, we cannot expect the Fathers to supply us with special tracts on the Immaculate Conception. It is, however, implicitly asserted by them. They frequently urge a comparison between the Blessed Virgin and Eve, just as they contrast Jesus Christ with Adam. As they regard our Lord as the second Adam, so they look upon His Blessed Mother as the second Eve. Eve surrendered to the angel of darkness: Mary yielded to the angel of light. Eve, through her disobedience, was the cause of our death; Mary, through her obedience, was instrumental in securing our spiritual life. According to St. Irenæus, 'the knot of Eve's disobedience was loosed by Mary's obedience.' If her obedience untied the knot of original disobedience, we must infer that she was never bound by it even in the first moment of her conception.

"Her immunity from all kind of sin is at least strongly implied if not expressly declared in every Oriental liturgy of schismatic, as well as

orthodox Christians. Even the Koran, that Mohommedan plagiarism of the Bible, asserts that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was always protected from all attacks of Satan (Chap. iii). Devotion to her should be a characteristic of every Christian. She was conceived without sin; we, on the contrary, were born with its stain on our souls. Although regenerated in Baptism, we have repeatedly fallen. You ought to have fervent recourse to her who is 'the refuge of sinners,' and frequently invoke her intercession through that familiar prayer which you certainly must have learned in your childhood: 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.'"

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ROSARY

"IT has always seemed to me," said the evangelist to Zi Pre' one Thursday morning, "that the multiplicity of Catholic devotions belittle man and degrade him. They make him superstitious, morbid and melancholy."

"All the exercises of Catholic piety," responded the priest, "can be reduced to prayer, fasting and almsgiving. Doesn't the Bible recommend these as most useful and salutary?"

"Oh, I had chiefly in mind those women who spend most of their time in church," said the evangelist. "About all they can do is to tell their beads."

"Well," rejoined the priest, "if they can do that intelligently without neglecting their household duties, why should they be molested?"

"But," insisted the evangelist, "I have always regarded beads as a relic of paganism. You will find them in use among Mohammedans, Buddhists and Brahmins."

"I admit," acknowledged the priest, "that it is not an exclusively Christian practice to use beads as a help to memory in the recitation of prayers, but that proves nothing, unless that human nature is pretty much the same all over the globe. In the first ages of the Church beads were employed by hermits in the wilderness and by monks in the cloister. The word *bead* is of Christian origin and derived from the German word *beten* — to pray, thus proving by its very derivation the use to which it was first applied."

"Where did Catholics get the term 'Rosary'?" asked the evangelist.

"From the Latin word '*rosarium*,' meaning a rosebed," replied the priest. "The German equivalent is Rosenkranz, or wreath of roses which the faithful offer the Queen of Heaven. Catholics very likely took it from the title, 'Mystical Rose,' by which the Church salutes the Mother of God. A special festival called the Solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary of the B. Virgin is annually celebrated on the first Sunday in October. Its object is to commemorate the victory of the Christians over the Turks in the battle of Lepanto. For the rosary in its present form we are indebted to St. Dominic, founder of the Dominicans or Preaching Friars, a religious order providentially organized in the

thirteenth century to oppose the heresy of the Albigenses, who devastated the Church in the southeast of France. Like the Manicheans, they taught that the visible world was made by the devil. They attacked the sacraments and ceremonies of the Church, as well as her authority and other prerogatives. Although privately addicted to shameful disorders, they made a great display of austerity. This heresy was introduced from the East by an old woman. She appeared suddenly and had a great many followers. They were encouraged by certain barons who had confiscated Church property and whom councils were condemning under pain of excommunication to restore their ill-gotten goods. Through the devotion of the Rosary and the explanation of its mysteries St. Dominic succeeded in bringing back a multitude of stray sheep to the one true fold."

"Well," remarked the evangelist, "I have always regarded it as a devotion suitable for old women unable to read."

"The sovereign Pontiff, Bishops and priests are certainly able to read," retorted the priest. "And I am sure that they never let a day pass without reciting at least a third part of the Rosary. The simplicity of the devotion renders it suitable for both learned and ignorant. It is naturally adapted for recitation in common,

whether publicly in the church, or privately in the home circle. You know how acceptable prayer in common is to God, for He declared: 'Where two or more are gathered together in my name, behold I am in the midst of them.'"

"But," insisted the evangelist, "did not our Lord say: 'When ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathens do, for they think they shall be heard by their much speaking.' Why do you recite the 'Hail Mary' so often? Isn't that a vain repetition?"

"No," rejoined the priest, "not any more than the chant of the angels recorded in the gospel: 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts.' The custom of repeating the same form of prayer is most natural to man, especially when he is under the influence of strong emotion. The ancient Jews were familiar with it, as may be learned from various passages of the Psalms, but more particularly from the 135th Psalm, in which the same words: 'for His mercy endureth forever,' are repeated twenty-seven times. Influenced no less by the custom of the Jews than by the example of our Divine Redeemer, who during His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, thrice repeated the self-same word, the Christians early adopted the form of repetition in their private as well as public devotions. The oft-repeated Hail Marys are like so many drops of heavenly rain

which, constantly falling, produce an impression upon even the most hardened sinner.

"Did the rosary suggest no thought for meditation, then it might be a vain repetition. But such is not the case, for its joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries comprise the entire plan of man's redemption. Hence, it has been justly styled the 'Breviary of the Laity.' What more need we know regarding salvation than those mysteries acquainting us of the Redeemer's advent, that for us He died upon the cross; that by the merits of His death we cannot fail to be saved, unless we refuse to co-operate with divine grace; that if we wish to reign hereafter with Christ in glory, we must take up our cross and patiently follow Him along the thorny path to Calvary? How consoling to the Christian is the mystery of our Lord's resurrection, the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, His divine mission to guide them and their successors in the ways of holiness and truth all days unto the consummation of the world? What prayers more beautiful than those composing the rosary: the Our Father, uttered by our Lord Himself when the Apostles said to Him: 'Lord, teach us to pray'; the Hail Mary, made up of words pronounced by the Archangel Gabriel, St. Elizabeth and the Church? If the recitation of the rosary becomes for some a vain, mechanical

repetition, the fault lies, not in the devotion itself, but in their own voluntary distractions."

"Father," asked Pasqualino, who had been following the conversation intently, "does a pair of beads lose the indulgence if loaned to another?"

"Beads," replied the priest, "are indulgenced for one person only. If lent or given to another with the intention of enabling him to gain the indulgence, they cease to be indulgenced as well for the lender as for the receiver. Of course, if someone took your beads without your knowledge or consent, they would not lose the indulgences attached to them. None is permitted to sell indulgenced rosaries, even though he charges no more than the price demanded before they were blessed. Such sale would cause them to lose the indulgence. To ask a higher price on account of the indulgence would be simony."

"Mother makes us children say the rosary every night before we go to bed," said Pasqualino, "and I often wanted to ask you what indulgences are attached to its recitation."

"Both plenary and partial indulgences," replied the priest, "are granted to those who recite the entire rosary, or even five decades and who meditate briefly upon each of the mysteries. For those unable to meditate it will be enough to say the rosary devoutly. When the faithful

unite to recite the rosary, either at home or in the church, it suffices if one hold the indulgenced beads. The others can gain the indulgences, provided that 'having rid their minds of all distracting cares they apply themselves to pray along with the person holding the beads, and form the intention of gaining the indulgence.'"

CHAPTER XXIV

FASTING AND ABSTINENCE

"I CANNOT see what advantage Catholics derive from fasting and abstaining," said the evangelist. "Surely the miseries of life are great enough without our trying to augment them. What possible homage can be rendered to God by an empty stomach and plastering the forehead with ashes? I am a firm believer in three square meals a day during Lent, as well as at any other time."

"Did it ever occur to you," asked the priest, "why all nations of the earth, savage as well as civilized, have adopted fasting as a means of placating the Deity and of obtaining the graces they might need for either soul or body? How do you explain this universal sentiment of mankind unless it be founded in our very nature? Anyone endowed with even a smattering of biblical knowledge must be aware that the prophets in the name of God recommended fasting, sack-cloth and ashes to the people. In the Old Law ashes were employed as a symbol of pen-

ance and mortification. When Jonas announced to the Ninivites the destruction of their city, they proclaimed a general fast, and put on sackcloth and ashes. 'I did eat ashes like bread,' says the royal prophet, 'and mingled my drink with weeping.' Ashes were used as a symbol of penance not only by David, but also by his daughter Thamar, by the patient Job, and the valiant Judith who placed them upon her head and implored God to strengthen her arm that she might overcome the tyrant Holofernes. In announcing the chastisements that were about to fall upon the Israelites, Jeremiah exclaimed: 'Sprinkle yourselves with ashes, ye leaders of the people, for the days of your slaughter and dispersion are accomplished, and you shall fall like precious vessels.'"

"Do you think," asked the evangelist, "that the Catholic ceremony of blessing and distributing ashes at the beginning of Lent was introduced in imitation of a similar custom in vogue among the ancient Jews?"

"There can be no doubt about it," rejoined the priest. "In early days public sinners who wished to atone for the scandal given came barefooted to the church and implored forgiveness before the entire congregation. Kings and princes formed no exception. The penance voluntarily performed by Henry IV for three days

before the castle gate of Canossa in order to lift from his head the ban of excommunication is historic. The bishop invested these public penitents with mourning garments. He placed ashes upon their heads and sprinkled them with holy water. After the recitation of the seven penitential psalms and litany of the saints, he led them out to the door of the church and said: 'behold, you are to-day rejected from the threshold of God's house because of your iniquities, just as Adam was expelled from Paradise on account of his transgressions.' He exhorted them not to despair of God's mercy, but by fasting, prayer, almsgiving, pilgrimages and other good works, they should render themselves worthy of being readmitted into the Church on Holy Thursday. These unfortunate sinners immediately undertook the most rigorous works of mortification so that they might be allowed to approach again the sacraments. Public penances have become obsolete, but the custom of putting ashes on the foreheads of the faithful at the beginning of Lent is still in vogue. 'Unless you do penance,' says the Lord, 'you shall all likewise perish.'"

"But what advantage is derived from fasting?" demanded the evangelist. "Man should follow the dictates of nature. If he feels hungry he ought to eat."

"If a man put no restraint on the dictates of

his corrupt, fallen nature," replied the priest, "he would speedily land in the penitentiary. As moderation and sobriety are the best supports of health, so fasting and abstinence are the surest means of regaining it. I never yet attended a sick call where the doctor did not command the patient to fast and abstain. The abstinence prescribed by the physician is usually much severer than that commanded by the Church. Those afflicted with pneumonia, typhoid or inflammation of the digestive organs must abstain from all solid food and confine themselves to a liquid diet. A noted physician declared that when he began practice, he had a dozen remedies for nearly every disease, but after a few years' experience he realized that there was only about one remedy for every dozen ailments. Fasting is really one of the greatest specifics known to medical science. It is the best remedy for a multitude of ailments, the surest safeguard of health, the simplest and easiest means of prolonging life. More people die of gluttony than of starvation. Millions live almost entirely on a vegetable diet. We must not imagine that because animal food is more stimulating it is therefore more nutritious. It really seems to contain nothing but what may be found at a much lower price and in a much purer state in vegetable productions. A reference to tables of chemical analysis will

clearly demonstrate this. Our wants in regard to food are very few, if we eliminate those artificial wants which self-indulgence has created. It is said that brown bread alone with an occasional drink of good water suffices to maintain the body in health and vigor."

"You must regard Lent as a sort of social blessing," commented the evangelist with a smile.

"It certainly is from a hygienic standpoint," replied the priest, "and especially if we consider the time in which it comes, viz.: the spring. Spring is the most favorable season to repair the disorders of health. In the spring everything that vegetates undergoes a kind of fermentation. Fresh herbs supply more wholesome juices in the spring than at any other period; and the best remedy for, or chief preservative against most diseases is undoubtedly abstinence and a vegetable diet. Who can enumerate the variety of vegetable compounds advertised with their list of incredible cures and testimonials?"

"Oh, there may be some temporal advantages in fasting," acknowledged the evangelist, "but what spiritual benefit do we derive from it? Our Lord Himself declared: 'not that which goeth into the mouth defileth man; but what cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.'" (Matt. xv, ii.)

"These words," replied the priest, "were uttered by our Lord to refute the teaching of the Pharisees, who maintained that by partaking of food with unwashed hands, defilement was imparted to the food, and this food defiled the soul, just as if the spiritual soul could be contaminated by material food or drink! To disabuse their minds of this stupid prejudice our Lord teaches them that no food of itself defiles a man, but that defilement proceeds from the sinful affections and desires of the heart. He by no means intended to assert the absence of sin, if we partake of food contrary to God's prohibition, as did our first parents; or, as the Jews would, by eating food forbidden them; or, the primitive Christians, had they violated the Apostolic injunction commanding them to abstain from things strangled, and from blood; or Christians, nowadays, if they violate the laws of fasting and abstinence enjoined by the Church whom all are bound to hear and obey. Certainly a man is defiled by drinking to excess, for 'drunkards shall not possess the kingdom of God.' It is not what goeth into the mouth that defiles, but what cometh from it, viz.: disobedience to the law of God and the dictates of right reason. It is absurd to think that our Lord would condemn in theory what He confirmed by His own example. Did He not fast forty

days in the desert before entering upon His public mission?"

"Well, if we tried to follow His example in this respect," said the evangelist, "we would speedily land in the cemetery."

"The primary object of fasting," said the priest, "is to subdue the passions. The Church has always regulated this point of discipline with due regard to age and climate. Now that constitutions seem debilitated she grants many alleviations to our weakness. The sick, the poor, the laboring man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, the seamstress who plies her needle and thread, the boys and girls employed in our factories, and those engaged in the arduous labor of teaching are not obliged to fast. They have sufficient motive to be dispensed. The universal fast from which no one is exempted, is the fast from sin. This is the perfect fast 'that denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we may live soberly, justly and godly.' 'What will it profit you,' says St. Chrysostom, 'to make your bodies thin and lean with fasting, if your hearts be swelled with pride and envy? What does it avail to abstain from wine and beer, and to be drunk with iniquity? Let your eyes abstain at all times from vain and criminal objects, from sinful literature; your ears from improper discourse; your

tongues from cursing, swearing, slander, calumny and detraction; your hands from unlawful deeds; your hearts from irregular desires; in a word, your five senses from the proximate occasion of sin. Thus you will satisfy by the interior spirit of mortification and penance what your bodily infirmities may not allow you to perform.'"

CHAPTER XXV

CHRISTIAN ETHICS

"FATHER," said the evangelist one Thursday morning, "I have no further objection against Catholic doctrine. My real trouble is putting it into practice. With one breath I can make an act of faith in all the mysteries which the Church proposes for my belief, but I find some of her precepts extremely difficult. She is too exacting."

"Well, my dear friend," replied the priest, "faith alone will never save you. 'Not everyone that saith "Lord, Lord," shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father, he shall enter the kingdom of Heaven.' If you admit articles of faith because divinely revealed, you have no solid motive for refusing obedience to the rules of that faith. If divine revelation forces you to believe them, it also obliges you to obey them. Where is the difficulty in their observance?"

"Oh, some of them are practically impossible," exclaimed the evangelist, "especially when

you consider human frailty and the strong temptations continually assailing us. Why, one would have to pass his whole life in anguish and misery. It is enough to drive a man crazy even to learn all the rules and regulations he must observe. God wants His creatures to be happy. He doesn't expect impossibilities of them. Hence I think that we are dispensed from most of the Church laws."

"The Arabian, Averroes, a Mohammedan, first declared the Christian law impossible. '*Lex Christianorum lex impossibilium.*' Rather incongruous for a Christian to accept as judge of his law a follower of Mohammed, to adopt his opinion and language! Why should we assume as axiomatic an assertion expressly contradicted by the Founder of Christianity? 'My yoke is sweet and my burden light,' said our Lord. According to St. John, 'His commandments are not difficult.' Christ certainly ought to know something about the law He promulgated, our strength to fulfill it and the help He gives us for its observance. If He has declared His law not difficult, what a presumption for anyone to contradict Him! Besides, to declare his law impossible implies the blasphemy that He acts as a tyrant towards men. Christ is a true legislator. Would it be compatible with divine goodness, clemency, mercy and justice to promulgate a law

impossible of accomplishment? Let us imagine that when the Lord created man, he called you into consultation regarding the law He was about to make and said, 'Do you think that it would be all right for this man whom I created to have other gods before me? Might he perhaps worship the sun, moon and stars? Should he not be allowed to bow down like the Romans before Jupiter the corrupt and revengeful; like the Athenians before Mercury the robber; like the Gauls before Teutates the eater of children; like the Corinthians before Venus the prostitute; like the Egyptians before a crocodile, an onion, or a tom cat; like the Negroes of Central Africa before a boa constrictor; or should he adore me alone?' Your answer would be undoubtedly: 'O, Lord, to thee alone is due supreme worship and adoration.'

"'And what about my name? Should it be profanely uttered in blasphemy, oaths and imprecations?' 'No, Lord,' you would instantly reply, 'nobody should dare to take Thy adorable name in vain.'

"'Well, here is the earth with its fruits and flowers, its variegated wealth of riches for your exclusive benefit. Enjoy yourself to your heart's content. And in return will you deny me a couple of hours one day of the week in order to express your gratitude for the favors received

and to ask me for additional blessings which you may need for the soul and body? Will you refuse to visit me for a short while one day out of the seven and show a little respect for the habitation I occupy in a special manner?' Most assuredly you would answer that the Sundays and holidays should be sanctified and the churches respected.

"And what about those who brought us into existence?" asked the priest. "Should any regard be shown for those who nourished and clothed us, who, perhaps, at great sacrifice provided for our education?"

"Oh," exclaimed the evangelist, "it is only natural that we should honor our parents, since they hold the place of God and provide for all our wants."

"Do you think," asked the priest, "that wilful murder, fighting, anger, hatred, revenge, bad example or scandal should be tolerated among men?"

"These crimes are universally condemned," said the evangelist. "I believe in the commandment 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"What about men wallowing in the mire of impurity," asked the priest, "seducing each other's wives and sisters, and foisting upon the community a progeny without parents responsible for their support and education; in other

words, a nation of fatherless children, such as the socialistic advocates of free love desire?"

"That would change the human race into a herd of swine," said the evangelist.

"Does it seem right," continued the priest, "that men should live like ferocious beasts of the jungle, that we should do away with the right of private property and let each one grab and hold what he can?"

"I am not a socialist," retorted the evangelist. "I firmly believe in the command, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Perhaps you may think," said the priest, "that an outward appearance of goodness will suffice, and that with impunity we may entertain in our hearts all kinds of depraved desires."

"Oh, no," rejoined the evangelist, "the Lord is pure and just and His law must be immaculate. With all my heart I subscribe to the commands forbidding us to covet either our neighbor's wife, or his goods."

"Well, my dear friend," remarked the priest, "don't you realize that you have sanctioned the law which you declared impossible? In not a single commandment can be found anything unreasonable or what is not demanded by our very nature. To declare the law impossible is the same as to assert that man cannot live according to his reason, that he cannot speak or hear,

because he is endowed with a tongue and a pair of ears. You will have to invent some other excuse for the impossibility of the Christian law, because the one alleged is invalid."

"Your explanation," said the evangelist, "was confined to the decalogue. The precepts of the Church comprise so many other things."

"I restricted myself to the decalogue," rejoined the priest, "because I have never yet discovered anyone willing to observe the commandments of God who balked at the precepts of His Church. The grumbler usually complains of the sixth and seventh. If these two cause him no inconvenience, the others will not annoy him. The new doctrines promulgated by our Lord have rendered the observance of the ten commandments easy. To become entirely submissive to the Divine Will it helps exceedingly to know God better, to have a clearer idea of His infinite goodness, power, majesty and His intense love for mankind. This knowledge conquers our intellect and wins our affection. Christ, our Legislator, has enlightened us wonderfully in regard to these truths, and having placed them beyond all doubt by His authority, has given a powerful incentive to our will."

"But has He not placed new duties upon us with the sacraments, Mass and other Church precepts?" asked the evangelist.

"Those precepts," replied the priest, "enable us to observe the primary law, viz.: the ten commandments. Supposing that two of my acolytes were ordered to fulfill an errand down town. To one I simply give the message; to the other, for his greater convenience, I say: 'Here is carfare, a horse and buggy and a bicycle; take your choice.' If he complained of so many modes of transportation being placed at his disposal would he not be considered insane? That is precisely our case. The decalogue obliges us to adore God alone, to acknowledge Him as our supreme Lord and Master, to seek His forgiveness when we have offended Him, in a word, to love Him above all things, and our neighbor as ourselves. Now what does our Savior do? In order to adore God properly, He says through His Church: 'Assist devoutly at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which is the greatest act of worship that can be offered the Almighty.' To propitiate Him with certainty and to remove all doubt anent the acceptance of your expiation, approach the tribunal of penance. As a pledge of your loyalty, you will receive Him at stated intervals in Holy Communion. You are bound by natural and divine law to devote in a particular way some special time to the worship of the Creator. The divinely authorized voice of the Church removes

all practical doubt on the subject by telling you 'to hear Mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation.' By these and similar provisions she has rendered the observance of the Decalogue within the reach of all. Why then complain of the very thing that should arouse your deepest gratitude? The wings of an eagle may be heavy, but they help him to fly. The wheels of a wagon may be cumbersome, but remove them and see what progress you will make. The same may be said of the precepts of the Church. At times they may seem difficult, but they render the observance of the divine commandments all the easier."

"Christ added more perfect, but very arduous, if not impossible precepts," said the evangelist.

"He added more perfect precepts," replied the priest, "but He did not increase the difficulties of their observance. He has thereby saved us many struggles in less perfect things. Not content that we should abstain from revenge, He wants us to do good to our enemies. It is much easier to forgive a foe entirely and restore him to our friendship, than to nourish a feeling of animosity that does not develop into hatred. He wants us to abstain also from evil desires."

"Well, that is impossible," exclaimed the evangelist.

"No," rejoined the priest, "that is Christian perfection. It is much easier to banish the initial desire than to abstain from translating it into deeds once the desires are deliberately entertained. In the first case it is only a question of conquering a temptation appearing as an unwelcome visitor on the threshold of the mind; in the second case it is the arduous work of expelling a welcome desire firmly entrenched in the soul and which perhaps had the senses as its accomplices. It is easier to resist a burglar while he is still on the outside than after he has gained an entrance into your domicile. Hence we should be ever vigilant in guarding the sight, hearing and sense of touch scattered all over the body, because the senses are avenues through which sin usually enters and takes possession of the soul. That man's knowledge of the human heart is very limited who fails to understand how much easier it is to abstain entirely from certain things than to use them even in moderation. Our Lord who knew our fallen nature most intimately, has provided for all its infirmities through the channels of His grace, the seven sacraments. Not content with imposing His law, our Lord imparts grace to observe it. The world sees only the difficulties and is frightened at them. Grace being spiritual does not fall under the senses. The individual accustomed to

measure everything by what he can feel, see or taste, doesn't even suspect the power which grace communicates to the soul. It enlightens the mind and makes man know how beneficial it is for him to do what he is divinely commanded. It causes him to view the purpose of the law from a desirable aspect. He appreciates its underlying motives of wisdom and goodness. In his soul is aroused the holy desire of observing the law. His heart, which at first was cold and indifferent, becomes suddenly transformed by ardent love for the author of the law. The more intimately he grows in the knowledge and love of the Divine Legislator, the more eager and devoted he becomes in His service.

"Real, genuine love is undaunted by labor, hardship or sacrifice. Look at it in the natural order. What induces men to spend days, weeks and even months in the jungle, depriving themselves of life's comforts and exposing themselves to the attacks of ferocious beasts? It is the love of hunting and adventure. Why do scientists devote days and nights toiling and experimenting in their laboratories, scarcely taking time to eat or sleep? It is the love of knowledge. Why does a mother pass many a weary vigil at the bedside of the sick? It may be the love of a husband or a darling offspring. In a similar manner the love of fame or military

glory will incite a soldier to undergo the severest hardship and even shed his blood on the field of battle. The love of gain furnishes an incentive to the merchant to undertake perilous journeys, to deprive himself of the ordinary comforts and all this, simply to increase his bank account. But why multiply illustrations? Will the love of Jesus Christ, so pure and fervent, produce no effect in the heart it dominates? Will it not furnish a powerful incentive for the observance of His law? It certainly spurred on the martyrs to undergo the most excruciating tortures. What induced the Gentiles, steeped in every vice and abomination, to conquer themselves and lead a truly Christian life? Those idolaters were men of the same temperament as we. Like us they were subject to the same weakness and passions. Explain how so many of the present day, surrounded by all manner of temptations, manage to control their appetites and to lead exemplary Christian lives. These facts can only be explained by the power of God's grace and the ardent love which it inspires to follow in the footsteps of His only begotten Son. The observance, therefore, of His law is not impossible. He himself has assured us that His yoke is sweet and His burden light.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE EVANGELIST'S DESPAIR

THE evangelist's health did not improve,— a circumstance which brought upon him frequent fits of melancholy. Instead of making a virtue of necessity by suffering patiently his illness in atonement for his misspent life, he sought to drown his sorrow and to stifle the qualms of conscience in worldly dissipation. Within a very short period he became a physical as well as spiritual wreck. Unable to bear the monotonous strain of remaining continually in his room, he found diversion watching the players in a gambling den on South Clark Street. One of them he knew personally, at least he imagined so. He did not, however, realize that this individual, always unusually lucky when observed by him, was connected with the establishment, and acted the rôle of stool-pigeon. "If this fellow can win so regularly, why not I?" soliloquized the unsuspecting evangelist. Several months of enforced idleness had diminished considerably his hard-earned savings. And as if they did not dwindle

fast enough through the weekly payment of room-rent, board, doctor's bills and prescriptions, he resorted to gambling. One evening he brought along the remnant of his earnings and sacrificed them on the altar of fickle fortune. He saw with feverish anxiety his stack of chips gradually vanish down to the last one. Huge crystal beads of perspiration studded his brow while his heart thumped like a trip-hammer. He finally placed his solitary chip on the color red, and awaited results. The little ball spun around, and settled on the black space. Despair was depicted upon his countenance, while the face of the stool pigeon wore a broad grin. "You mustn't mind my smiling," said the latter, "because I always laugh when I'm sorry."

Staring for a moment at the Sphinx-like banker of the roulette table who was busy raking in the coin of the other players, the evangelist arose abruptly and descended to the street. He proceeded west on Jackson Boulevard and reached the bridge just as it began to swing open to let a steam barge pass through the draw. While leaning against the rail and gazing at the murky waters beneath, a horrible temptation took possession of his soul — the thought of self-destruction. "Why continue the agony?" he muttered. "What have I to live for?" When a man reaches this point of depravity, he is either in-

sane, or he has lost all idea of God, the soul, and eternity. He has extinguished every spark of faith. He has decided upon a plan, and it only remains for him to carry that plan into execution.

The bridge closed; autos and pedestrians scurried past the solitary figure at the railing. "This place," he thought, "is altogether too public. Some busybody would surely see me take the fatal plunge, and fish me out. The bridge at Taylor Street is more secluded and less frequented. There I shall not be noticed." Accordingly to that deserted locality he directed his steps. Had he even a particle of faith, he would have reasoned in the following manner: "I am not master of my life; it belongs to God Who gave it to me. I must use it for the end for which He gave it. By destroying it, I violate His most sacred rights. I can imagine myself a corpse, and foresee an end to my present misery. But supposing it were really true what religion teaches, viz., that man is not like a dog whose destiny terminates here below? If there really be an eternity and a hell . . . what will become of unfortunate me who deprived God and society of my life by the crime of murder?"

But no such salutary reflections entered his mind. At that particular crisis he was utterly bereft of all religious sentiment. In fact, as he afterwards acknowledged to Zi Pre', his one con-

suming regret before shuffling off this mortal coil, was that he did not have a gun to murder all the gambling thieves connected with the den in which he lost his money. Wending his way south on Canal Street, he came unmolested to the Taylor Street Bridge, and actually had one leg over the railing to take the final leap when he was startled by the deafening report of a pistol the bullet of which seemed to whiz within a few feet of his head. Then from the east end of the bridge came a gruff voice exclaiming: "Hey! What are you trying to do? Get down off that rail, or I'll put a hole through you." By the light of the moon he deciphered the outline of a burly night watchman holding in his right hand a very unattractive looking revolver. If the evangelist were really bent upon self-destruction, it could hardly make much difference to him by which route he went. What more natural than to invite the intruder to blaze away? Yet he did nothing of the kind. For some unaccountable reason he was frightened out of his sinister purpose by the shot fired in the air to scare him away. Not only did he get down instantly from the railing, as commanded, but started west on a Marathon, scarcely slackening his speed until breathless and exhausted he landed in front of Guardian Angel Church. A mission happened to be in full swing, and evidently thinking that his pursuer was still after

him, he entered the sacred edifice, and was soon lost in the congregation.

The missioner was a venerable septuagenarian with snow white hair and a deep baritone voice that easily penetrated every corner of the building. His sermon, were it specially prepared for the benefit of our would-be suicide, could not have been more appropriate.

"Holy Scripture tells us," exclaimed the preacher, "that 'the fool hath said in his heart: there is no God.' He hath said it in his heart, the seat of human affections; in his heart, which having transgressed the divine law, and being corrupted by his vices, wishes there were no God to witness and punish them. He wants no immortality, no eternity, no hell, since they would be for him so disastrous. He hath said it in his heart which clouded by the darkness of passion, cannot bear the dazzling light of faith. He hath said it in his heart which execrating whatever might restrain his sensual appetites, naturally hates religious truths that condemn his excesses and open to them the infernal abyss.

"He has said it in his heart which wields indeed too great an influence over his intellect, making truth appear odious, and rendering falsehood fascinating and attractive.

"Scan the pages of history, and you will find that the most notorious apostates who abandoned

their faith, that faith which they at one time professed and practised, began by trampling under foot the most sacred laws of morality. Their initial step was crime, then a sinful habit followed by deep corruption, and finally impiety. Luther kept the faith so long as he kept his vow of chastity. No sooner did he lose the angelic virtue than he began to be dominated by his animal nature which had to be indulged. The religious habit proved an obstacle. Therefore he will cast it aside, blasphemously asserting that man has always the right to gratify his appetites. Religious vows are in the way. Very well, he will break them, teaching that vows are not binding and that religious profession after all is an invention of the devil. Church laws are a barrier. Well, what more simple than to trample them under foot, and declare that the Church has degenerated from her primitive spirit? The Pope opposes this lustful monk. But he will discredit the Visible Head of the Church and call him Antichrist, heaping upon him all manner of abuse and vilification. Passion demands the sacrifice of faith, and he will gladly immolate it on the altar of passion. In the beginning of his reign Henry VIII had the faith to such an extent as to be styled 'Defensor Fidei' and the great adversary of Luther. But he developed in his heart a miserable passion for one of his courtesans. To gratify this unlawful

desire he must forget the teachings of religion. Passion commands and he obeys. For the sake of a woman the champion of Catholicism will become the Church's greatest scourge, and for their Christian loyalty he will destroy the flower of the English nation.

" Ask an Augustin why from a fervent Catholic he became a follower of the Manicheans. As the cause of his defection he will point out, not the books he studied, but the illicit friendships he cultivated. He will tell you, blushing in his confessions, that the excesses of his passions were the cause of his mental aberrations.

" And you, my dear friends, acknowledge it sincerely; if there were ever a moment in which the light of your faith was in danger of going out; if the love of religion ever grew cold in your heart, was it when you practised mortification and held in check your sinful inclinations? Was it when you conducted yourselves properly before God and man, or was it not rather when your actions betrayed a moral decadence? Ask your conscience, and hear the answer. Be thankful to the Lord who enabled you with His grace to overcome yourselves, and to stop before plunging over the precipice. The sinner begins by declaring to God: ' I will not serve Thee,' and ends by saying: ' There is no God.' Inexperienced youth falls into the company of wicked associates who, under

the pretext of making him happy, corrupt his heart. He abandons every pious practice. He thinks only of diversion, pleasure, and the gratification of his passions. To his corrupted heart religion appears only as a tissue of superstitions and fables. Faith has no longer for him any attraction. It becomes in fact odious, impossible, full of sorrows and afflictions. There no longer remains for him a vestige of what he once loved and adored. While the world with its sensual amusements and deceits robs him of his health, honor, and wealth, it deprives him of the consolations of religion. Nothing remains but black despair, and eventually the criminal desire of self-destruction. But you, my dear friends, by attending the mission, have given me proof that you love your holy religion. The passions may have occasionally whispered into your ear their seductive language; the world may have tried to corrupt and drag your souls into the mire of iniquity, but you no doubt have shown a courageous resistance. You have manfully repelled the seducers and exclaimed: 'Free me, O Lord, from the lions that roar about me; keep me under Thy powerful protection. My enemies shall fall right and left, but I will preserve my independence. I will be free with the freedom of the sons of God. My faith I will keep as a most precious treasure and defend it with all the strength of my soul.'

Thus when you reach the end of your earthly pilgrimage, you will be able truthfully to repeat with the Apostle: 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice.' (II Tim. iv.)"

The sermon made a deep impression upon the evangelist who rested his weary head upon the seat in front of him and kept his face buried in his hands during the Benediction. His whole life seemed to pass in review before him. He recalled the days of his childhood when he was innocent and happy. What delight he then took in the practice of his religion! The scene of his father's death came vividly before him. How he had contemptuously ignored all the paternal admonitions given him! What an amount of grief and shame he brought upon his poor mother and brothers through his scandalous misbehavior! When assembled about the death-bed of their father, how fervently they recited for him the litanies and prayers for the dying. With what fervor and devotion the father kissed the crucifix a few moments before entering eternity. Bitter indeed was the remembrance of his flight to America, and subsequent apostasy from the faith.

Most of the people had filed out of the church, but he still remained. Lines of penitents began forming on either side of the confessional, but

he could not summon up sufficient courage to join them. He lingered in his seat long after the missioner had gone into the rectory.

"When does the mission close?" he asked of the sacristan who stood waiting impatiently in the vestibule to extinguish the lights and lock the door.

"Sunday night," was the curt reply.

All desire for a watery grave had vanished completely from the evangelist's heart. Emerging from the church he went straight home and to bed.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE EVANGELIST'S DREAM

OF all the nights through which the evangelist ever lived during his chequered career, the one following his attempted suicide was by far the most horrible and unforgettable. After tossing restlessly upon his bed for more than an hour he fell asleep. In his slumber he experienced not only the agonies of a drowning man, but also the terrors of the particular judgment. His first sensation was that of jumping from the Taylor Street Bridge and striking the water with terrific force. Down, down he went into the water at least eight or ten feet when his body began gradually to rise. "Oh for a breath of air! Will I never reach the top?" he asked himself. Kicking convulsively with his feet, and waving his arms in desperation, he managed somehow to reach the surface and take one short breath. In breathing, however, he swallowed such a quantity of water that he commenced to cough and choke as he sank the second time. Then came a deafening roar in his ears, while his temples began to ache and throb as if they would

burst. Again he vainly attempted to breathe, but instead of air he inhaled into his lungs the filthy water of the river, and strangulation ensued. His body then descended like a lump of lead to the bottom of the river where it remained for quite a while. Afterwards it began to swell and rise to the surface where it floated like the carcass of a dog. His heart had long ceased to beat, and yet he felt that he was not altogether dead. His soul has left his body which it now views with the greatest horror and repugnance. The city is shrouded in darkness, yet on the river bank he observes the majestic figure of one whose face shines like the sun and whose garments are whiter than snow. That countenance seems so familiar. Where has he seen it before? Why that is the very face his father looked upon when dying. That same figure the artists so often modelled in clay and gypsum in the studio! He recognizes him now, for it is the figure of Jesus Christ. In statues and in pictures he usually saw Him with His hands and feet pierced by cruel nails, in His side a gaping wound, and upon His head a crown of thorns. But now He is crowned with a diadem of ineffable glory. Jesus is looking at him with eyes of fire, and he turns away from that penetrating gaze to the other two figures of the group. He certainly ought to recognize them, for they followed him faithfully from the cradle to the

grave. One is his guardian angel concerning whom the Lord declared: "Behold I will send my Angel who shall go before thee, and keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place that I have prepared." (Exodus xxiii.) The other is a black and hideous demon. He scoffed at Pasqualino's child-like faith when the latter told him at the Zoo that "the devil went about like a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour." And here sure enough he appears like a ferocious beast with looks full of hatred, malice, and triumph as well. But what is the meaning of this strange aggregation? Why does the Savior of Mankind appear in such company? Great God! He appears not as a gentle, merciful Savior, but as inexorable Judge. There is going to be a trial, and I am the unhappy defendant. I foolishly imagined to escape all this by drowning, and I have only hastened it. Everything is clear to him now, but unfortunately the knowledge comes too late. He is standing a trembling culprit before his Eternal Judge. He is going to be tried by the Decalogue which he had discussed so flippantly with the priest a short while ago, and the observance of which he declared impossible. God had said to him: "I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no strange gods before me." And he had deified his animal passions for love of which he forfeited his immortal soul. God had

declared: "Thou shalt not take my name in vain"; and oh, how often he had dishonored that Sacred Name by his imprecations and blasphemies! God had said: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." He had neglected Mass for years, and spent the day in gambling and debauchery. The Lord had said: "Thou shalt not kill." And here he is with the sin of suicide upon his soul, to say nothing of the other souls he ruined through scandalous conduct. Looking back upon his earthly career he beholds every sin of thought, word, deed, and omission rising up against him. The demon is there as his accuser bold and defiant. "This soul belongs to me," he shrieks. "Scrutinize it closely. Doesn't it resemble me?" The evangelist regards himself and beholds the horrid sight of one dead and rotting in mortal sin. Each crime has left its own peculiar stigma on his soul. He sees the foul corruption of lust, the putrid scars of anger and hate, the horrid seals of sordid avarice. Once it was effulgent as the sun, radiant and pure as the angel by his side. Then it was a living temple of the Holy Ghost. But now what an abominable transformation! It has become a sink of uncleanness and a den of demons.

"This body also belongs to me," exclaims the demon pointing to the bloated corpse upon the water's surface. "I claim those eyes as mine by

all the lustful looks they have ever given. I claim those ears as mine by all the scandal, calumny, and detraction they have so greedily devoured. I claim that mouth as mine by all the immodest words, curses, and blasphemies, it has ever uttered. I claim those hands as mine by all the thefts and improper acts they have ever committed. I claim those feet as mine; for they were ever swift to carry him to the haunts of vice, and slow to bring him to the house of God. Don't you notice the mark of the beast upon his body?" And as he spoke the demon pointed to the shameful marks of disease which the poor evangelist knew so well how to hide in life, but which could no longer be concealed in death.

"This is a Christian soul," exclaimed the Guardian Angel. "Don't you behold upon it the indelible marks of baptism and confirmation?"

"Oh yes," retorted the demon with a mocking sneer, "but instead of being for his honor and glory, they can now increase only his shame and punishment. In baptism he solemnly promised to renounce me, and all my works and pomps. How has he kept that threefold pledge? Through Confirmation he received the Holy Ghost in order to become a strong and perfect Christian, a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ. What kind of a soldier has he really been? Did he not barter away his priceless gift of faith for a mess of

pottage? Have you not solemnly declared that you will deny before your Heavenly Father those who have denied you before men? Is there a single commandment of God or His Church that he has not broken? He has ever boasted of his shame and of the souls he ruined. He stands before you now with a chain of iniquity reaching from early childhood to the very moment in which he took his suicidal plunge from yonder bridge. Does my testimony need corroboration?"

Instantly there sallies forth a horde of reprobates from the lower regions. Glaring, they fix upon him a look of recognition. "Aha!" they shout in fiendish glee. "Don't you recognize us? We are your unfortunate *paesani* whom you induced to apostatize through your blandishments and flatteries. You brought about our ruin, and we shall escort you now to hell."

"Enough!" thundered the Judge in righteous indignation. Then turning to the unhappy soul, He added: "Depart from me—"

At that critical moment the evangelist felt himself sinking rapidly as it were into the very bowels of the earth. He never heard the completion of the dreadful sentence, because falling heavily upon the floor he suddenly awoke.

"Thank God," he fervently exclaimed, "it was only a dream. But oh how near it came to realization!"

Weak from exertion he remained for quite a while on the floor, pondering over the harrowing details of his dream. He gradually fell into a peaceful slumber and when he awoke the morning sunlight was streaming through the window. Letting his gaze wander about the room, not a single object escaped him. He must have had a terrific struggle in his nightmare, for the bedsheet was torn to shreds. Upon the walls hung mezzotints of actresses in scant attire, while the mantelpiece contained an array of pornographic statuettes. "*Managgia!*" he exclaimed in a fit of anger, "you have tyrannized over me long enough, and to-day your infernal reign is going to end." Suiting the action to the word, he jumped up and seizing the nymphs and goddesses he dashed them to pieces on the floor; the pictures he tore into small bits. The work of demolition proving too much for his exhausted strength he fell into a deadly swoon from which not even a loud rapping on the door was able to arouse him. The Toscano who had received no answer to his repeated knocking finally forced the door open and was amazed at the spectacle confronting him. The room looked as if it had been visited by a cyclone. The floor was littered with the débris of broken statuary and fragments of pictures. Near the centre table lay the prostrate form of the evangelist who to all appearances

was dead. The first impulse of the visitor was to notify the coroner, but upon second thought he drew forth a pocket mirror which he held to the nostrils of his friend. To his delight he discovered a slight impression upon its surface. Gently raising the limp body, he placed it upon the bed, then darting down stairs and into the street, he hastened to the nearest drug-store in quest of a physician.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE AWAKENING

"THE evangelist has an acute case of diabetes and is not expected to live," said Pasqualino to Zi Pre' one morning during Lent.

"Where does he reside?" asked the priest.

"In a nest of evangelists on Congress Street, near Halsted," replied the boy. "A grizzled old Toscano, who resides with him, told me that Antonio was very strong in Scripture, that both of them were sculptors and that they used to make the statues which we adored in our churches! I asked him if he had sent for the priest. 'Oh, he doesn't want any priest,' sneered the old reprobate. 'If he wants to confess his sins, he can confess them to God.' Just the same I feel certain that Antonio would be glad to see you in spite of what the old fellow said."

"I will try to get over there to see him some time during the day," commented the priest. "Meanwhile you ought to offer up a fervent prayer for his conversion."

That same day the priest visited him, but with little or no success. The elder apostate remained in the sick man's room during the priest's visit, and nothing was accomplished.

A few days later came a note from His Grace, the Archbishop, saying: "Dear Rev. Sir: The enclosed letter reached me a short time ago. Kindly endeavor to locate this unfortunate man and do what you can to bring him to a sense of his duty. That the good Lord may crown your efforts with success is the fervent prayer of yours sincerely."

The Italian communication addressed to the Archbishop ran as follows:

"Your Excellency: Kindly pardon this intrusion on your valuable time, while I humbly implore Your Grace to render what assistance you can in bringing back a stray sheep to the fold. I am an Apostolic missioner in far-off India, and my parents in Lucca have always been practical Catholics. It is with deepest shame and sorrow that I must inform you that my brother, Antonio, four years younger than myself, has not only fallen away from the practice of his religion, but what is still worse, has joined a false one, and is doing all in his power to spread it among his fellow countrymen in America. I cannot imagine what has come over him.

I really think that his mind must be affected. His downward career began shortly after my father's death. After my departure for the mission in India there was nobody at home to control him and he had practically his own way. My poor mother remonstrated with him repeatedly about his conduct, but in vain. His unnatural, unfilial behavior has driven her almost insane. Finally, to escape her constant nagging, as he expressed it, and without even bidding her good-bye, he suddenly stole away with another worthless character to America. He has a good education and at one time had serious thoughts of entering the priesthood. In fact, he made two years of theology and was dismissed from the seminary for lack of vocation. I learned of his apostasy through an acquaintance who wrote about him to relatives in Lucca, and told them that I might display my missionary zeal a little nearer home before attempting to convert the natives of India. I have written to him repeatedly in order to make him realize the enormity of his crime. I told him that he would be guilty of matricide by hastening my mother to an early grave. Once he condescended to favor me with an answer full of insolence. He informed me that I did not know what I was talking about, that he had finally seen the light and intended to follow it; that he would go his way and I could

pursue mine, and that he would not brook any interference with his religious views. All my subsequent letters to him have remained unanswered. What is still more aggravating, I am unable to give his present correct address, for he has changed domiciles several times since he went to Chicago. I feel confident that if Your Grace should instruct some zealous Italian priest to look up this unfortunate brother of mine, with a little kindness and patience he might be brought back to the one true Fold. Down in his heart of hearts he is only shamming. I can only offer your Grace the profoundest gratitude and prayers of his grief-stricken mother and brother for the paternal interest you may take in his behalf. Kissing your episcopal ring, I beg to remain,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

Signed.

Zi Pre' had little difficulty in locating Antonio, at whose bedside he had spent fully an hour in vain just a few days before the arrival of the biographical sketch from his brother. Still he did not despair. It happened to be Friday and the children were to assemble in the Church at half past three in order to make the Stations of the Cross.

"Children," he said, "I want you to make the Way of the Cross this afternoon with all the fer-

vor possible for a special intention, viz.: for the conversion of an unfortunate sinner. Beg Almighty God to enlighten his mind and strengthen his will so that he may realize the importance of his eternal salvation."

The devotion at which the grown-up people assisted in the evening was prefaced by a similar request. Whether it was in answer to the appeal of the children and parents at the Way of the Cross on that Friday of Lent, or the fervent prayers of a sorrow-stricken mother and brother, or to the petitions of all concerned — we are not prepared to say. The ways of Divine Providence are inscrutable.

One thing certain, somebody's prayers were heard. For the very next morning after Mass, a messenger was anxiously awaiting the priest in the sacristy to have him go to the house of Antonio as soon as possible.

Zi Pre' lost no time in complying with the request. No sooner did he enter the room of the unfortunate man than the latter greeted him with the words: "*Padre, io sono un porco, un ingrato, un animale.*" (Father, I am a pig, an ingrate, a beast.) Then rising to a sitting posture in the bed, he made the sign of the cross very devoutly, perhaps the first time in years. Motioning to the grizzled evangelist he said to him: "Please get out of here and shut the door after you. I want

to talk to the priest alone." The latter arose sullenly, and muttering all sorts of imprecations proceeded to the door which he viciously slammed behind him as an indication of the way he felt over the priest's arrival.

Poor Antonio made a general confession of his whole life, a profession of faith and received absolution. "Father," he said, "I want to repair the scandal given as far as it lies within my power. Would you mind writing to the Rev. Mr. ——, Evangelical Minister, and tell him kindly to scratch my name off the register of his sect, as I desire to have it inscribed in the Book of Life? Tell him that it is my wish to live and die in the bosom of the one, Holy Catholic, and Apostolic Church, the one true Fold, outside of which there is no salvation."

"My dear friend," said the priest, "it will be one of the greatest pleasures of my life to fulfill your wish."

"There is another favor I would ask," said the sick man. "If you think that it would do any good, you can publish my profession of faith and retraction in the Italian newspaper."

"If it does no good," replied the priest, "it can certainly do no harm." The following week on the front page of the local Italian newspaper there appeared a two-column article under the caption "CONVERSIONE DI ANTONIO,"

etc., with his letter of resignation to the evangelical minister. This little news item evoked from the latter a four-paged communication of rambling vituperation which Zi Pre' promptly consigned to the waste-basket. After a month or so Antonio was able to leave his bed and walk with the aid of a cane. He attended Mass every morning and became a weekly communicant. Thus he lingered on for nearly two years, which he spent in edifying reparation of the scandal previously given. A second stroke overtook him, from which he never recovered. After a week's illness and conscious up to the last moment, he finally died in the odor of sanctity.

As for Pasqualino, the Lord evidently did not intend him to follow the commercial career of his father, notwithstanding the picturesque variety of vows made by the latter to the contrary.

From early childhood the lad had given unmistakable signs of a priestly vocation and his mother determined that no obstacle should be placed in the way of its attainment.

"God gave him to us in the first place," she used to say to her husband, "and He therefore has the best right to his service. Think of that unfortunate apostate Antonio whom he brought back to the Fold. Zi Pre' assured me that our Pasqualino, more than anyone else, was instrumental in his conversion. The Lord only knows

how many more wretched sinners he is destined to save. To force him into a secular pursuit for which he has neither taste nor talent would be nothing short of criminal. It would be placing both our own as well as his salvation in jeopardy."

Pasqualino was, therefore, allowed to continue his classical studies in the college, as far as rhetoric inclusively. Upon the recommendation of Zi Pre' the Archbishop sent the promising lad to a European university where he obtained the laureate both in philosophy and theology.

At present he is laboring zealously in the Lord's vineyard, a credit to himself and a source of ineffable joy to his devoted mother who, like the mother of the sons of Zebedee, fondly imagines no position in the hierarchy too exalted for her darling offspring.

THE END